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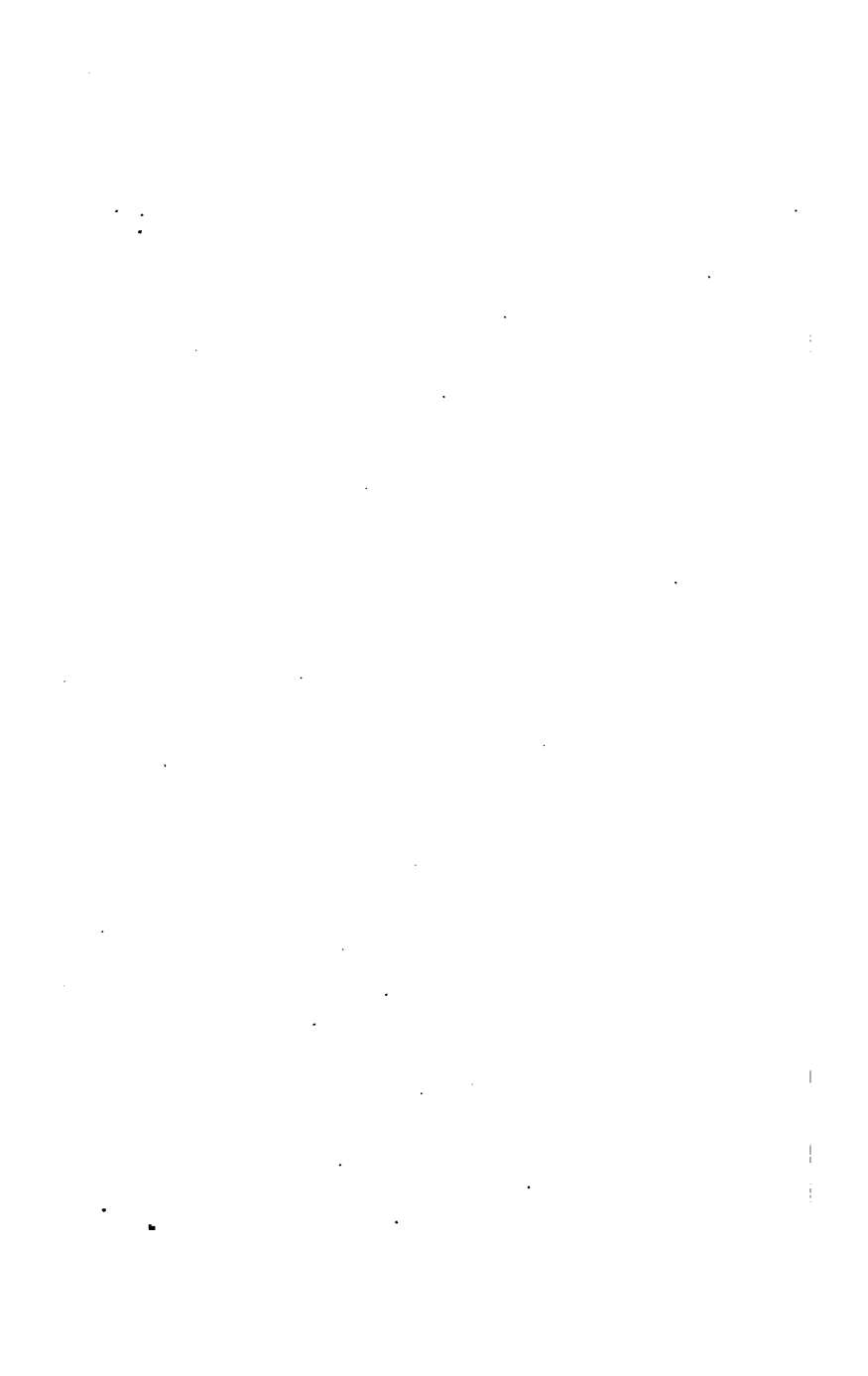
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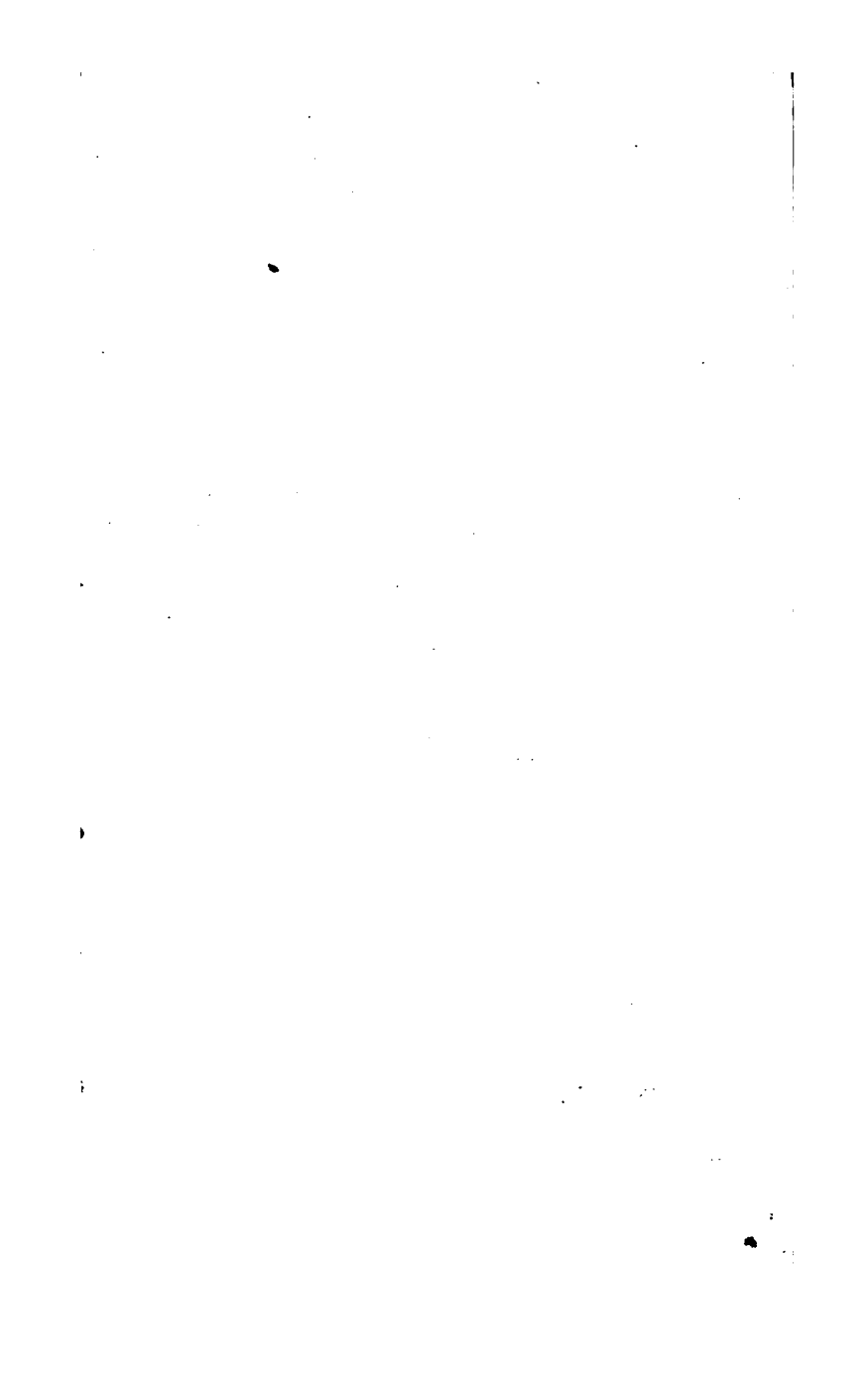
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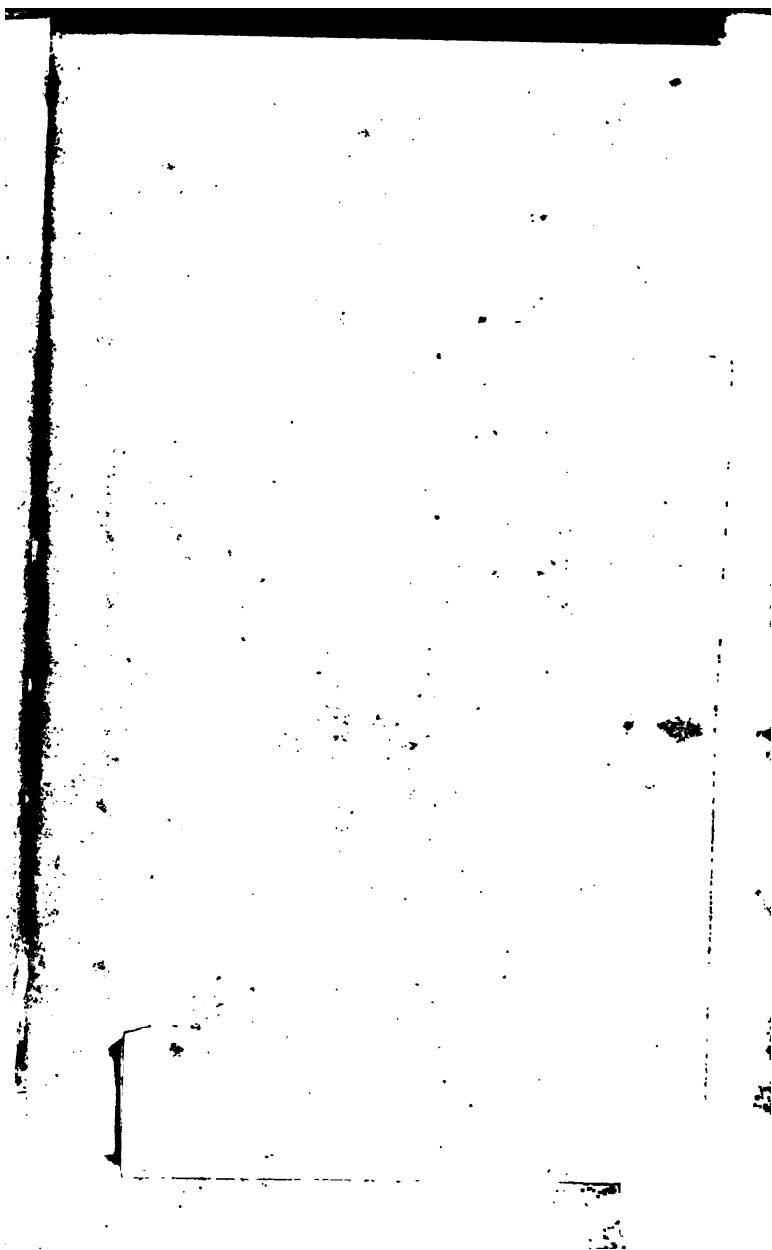
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**TOURIST'S GUIDE**  
**TO**  
**NORTH DEVON.**









TOURIST'S GUIDE  
TO  
NORTH DEVON  
AND THE  
EXMOOR DISTRICT.

BY  
R. N. WORTH, F.G.S., &c.;

AUTHOR OF THE 'TOURIST'S GUIDE TO SOUTH DEVON,' 'HISTORY OF  
PLYMOUTH,' 'HISTORY OF DEVONPORT,' 'WEST-COUNTRY GARLAND,'  
'THE PROGRESS OF MINING SKILL IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND,'  
'GUIDE TO THE THREE TOWNS,' 'GUIDE TO FALMOUTH,'  
ETC., ETC.

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*WITH MAP.*

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LONDON:  
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

—  
1879.


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## PREFACE.

THIS Guide-book deals, not only with North Devon proper, but with the portion of Somerset containing the ancient Forest of Exmoor, which projects like a huge promontory into the North of Devon, and which, although politically separated from the latter county, is geographically essentially Devonian, and moreover is traversed in whole or in part by two of the main tourist routes with which we have to deal. The railway system not being extended in the same proportions in North Devon as in South, coach roads and walking routes are of greater relative importance; and it has been found desirable, to suit the convenience of the traveller, to arrange the various excursions, irrespective of their character, in general topographical order. As in the writer's 'South Devon,' "throughout the aim has been to give the tourist the greatest amount of practically useful information, brought down to the latest moment, and condensed into the smallest compass,"—he trusts that his 'Guide to North Devon' may meet with the same kindly welcome and prove as widely acceptable as his 'Guide to South Devon.' More he could neither hope nor wish; and he gladly takes this opportunity of thanking his friends and readers for an appreciation and support which have far exceeded his most sanguine expectations.





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# TOURIST'S GUIDE

TO

## NORTH DEVON.

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### INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH it is not needful to repeat the general introduction to the history, topography, and characteristics of Devonshire, which will be found in the *Guide to South Devon*, there is room for a few general observations on the peculiarities of the Northern district of the county, to which the present volume seeks to introduce the visitor. This handbook treats of the whole of Devon N. and W. of the London and South Western Railway from Axminster to Lydford, and of the Great Western Railway from Lydford to Launceston, with so much of Somerset as lies to the W. of Taunton, exclusive of that thriving town and its pleasant vale. This portion of Somerset is so inlocked with Devon, to which its associations indeed more properly belong, and so distinct from the body of the county to which it is politically attached, that such an arrangement seems by far the more desirable—all the more desirable, further, from the fact that the district is traversed by two railways, which conduct into North Devon from Taunton, and which therefore make that town a convenient centre of approach.

There are *three railway routes* into the North of Devon from London and the Midland and Northern parts of the kingdom.

From Taunton branch off, (1) the coast line, wholly in Somerset, by Williton and Watchett to Dunster and Minehead; and (2) the Devon and Somerset Railway, which is partially in each county, and which has its terminus at Barnstaple, the North Devon metropolis. Taunton is on



the Great Western Railway, distant from London about 5h. (average) by ordinary, and 3½h. by fast express trains. Refreshment Rooms: Swindon, Bristol, Taunton. Fares from London: (single) 30s. 7d., 23s. 2d., 13s. 1½d.; (return) 52s. 3d., 40s. Express: (single) 35s., 25s.; (return) 55s., 40s. Tourist tickets are issued to the chief resorts in North Devon in the season; and circular tickets, embracing the sea route from Portishead to Lynmouth and Ilfracombe.

The third route is by the London and South Western Railway, *via* Exeter, over the North Devon line to Barnstaple, branching thence to Bideford and Torrington on the one hand, and Ilfracombe on the other. Time by South Western between London and Exeter about 5h. 15m. (average) ordinary, 4h. 5m. by fast express. Refreshment Rooms: Basingstoke, Salisbury, Yeovil, Exeter. Fares from London: (single) 35s., 25s., 14s. 3½d.; (return) 55s., 40s. Third class single tickets issued by all trains except chief express. Tourist tickets issued in the season from London to the principal points in North Devon.

There is yet another way of approaching North Devon, and that is by *sea*. During the summer steamers run from Portishead, near Bristol, to Lynmouth and Ilfracombe; and throughout the year between Swansea and Ilfracombe. Bristol is reached either by the Great Western or Midland Railway. Fares, Swansea to Ilfracombe: (single) 6s., 4s.; (return) 8s., 6s.

There are wide points of difference between N. and S. Devon, associated with striking resemblances and correspondence. "It is curious how N. and S. Devon answer to each other in their respective features. 'Alike, yet not the same.' . . . One may quote Helena's touching remonstrance in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* about Hermia:—

'A union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.'

Of course there is nothing in North Devon like the Three Towns . . . nothing like the Breakwater at the entrance of Plymouth Sound, or the Eddystone Lighthouse further out; and I suppose the view from the Hoe at Plymouth can only be rivalled by what I have never seen—the Bay of Naples. . . . Torquay too, of all sea-side places in the West (may I not say of sea-side places anywhere?) is the queen. . . . But Ilfracombe has charms—its cliffs are rocks, and not earth—which have yet to be fully developed,

now that there are easier means of access to such an *Ultima Thule*. Westward Ho! has been patted on the back by the genial hand of Kingsley, as Loch Katrine was brought into notice by Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.' Clovelly is the quaintest and loveliest of sea-coast villages, with Lundy Island in the distance. . . . The climate of Ilfracombe is perfect, and something more, for it is half a degree warmer in winter and half a degree cooler in summer than that favoured spot, Torquay. In both N. and S. Devon, excepting perhaps that district, or sort of middle passage, where it is said Pluto caught cold from the chilling wet, 'the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses;' but on the N. coast it is bracing and biting, and less relaxing than on the S. . . . I have never found it dull [*vide* Herrick's 'this dull Devonshire'] for a single hour in either N. or S. Devon. And having got to the end of my slight handling of their respective beauties and attractions, the best summing up I can give is perhaps what Sir Walter Scott says of Minna and Brenda, the two sisters in the 'Pirate': 'The difference of their tempers and of their complexions was singularly striking, though combined, as is usual, with a certain degree of family resemblance'" (*Rev. Treasurer Hawker*).

From this brief outline of a charming sketch it will be clear that, to know what Devonshire really is, both the N. and the S. of the county must be visited, each district having its own peculiar attractions. There can be no better preparation for a tour in North Devon than the reading of Kingsley's 'Westward Ho!' and Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone,' two works which have made North Devon known and famous wherever the English tongue has spread, and which abound in graphic touches descriptive of people and of places.

*Inland* North Devon has a varied character—here park-like, there a wild upland. Its *coast line* is remarkable alike for boldness and for beauty. The giant cliffs are broken by frequent creeks or "mouths," "Each has its upright walls: inland of rich oak wood, nearer the sea of dark-green furze, then of smooth turf, then of weird black cliffs, which range out right and left far into the deep sea in castles, spires, and wings of jagged iron-stone. Each has its narrow strip of fertile meadow; its crystal trout stream, winding across and across from one hill foot to the other; its grey stone mill, with the water sparkling and humming

round the dripping wheel; its dark rock-pools above the tide-mark, where the salmon-trout gather in from their Atlantic wanderings after each autumn flood; its ridge of blown sand, bright with golden trefoil and crimson lady's finger; its grey bank of polished pebbles down which the stream rattles towards the sea below. Each has its black field of jagged shark's-tooth rocks which pave the cove from side to side, streaked here and there with a pink line of shell sand, and laced with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward, in strata set upright on edge, or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval earthquakes. Such is the 'mouth,' as those coves are called, and such the jaw of teeth which they display, one rasp of which would grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship. To landward all richness, softness, and peace; to seaward a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner" (*Kingsley.*)

This is no ideal picture, no individual portrait. Chasm after chasm in the frowning cliff-wall has just such scene to show. Still, here as elsewhere, while there are "mouths" so cruel, there are "mouths" so tender that they smile without deceit, and have no after-thought in their welcome; ferny combs whence the woods rush headlong to the sea, unbroke by crag, uncleft by gully; where the waters roll gently up the tawny sands, and the little stream, its leaping downward neath the branches at an end, ripples peacefully to the tide-way; where the storm-wind rarely enters, and where the ruling spirit of the year is one of perfect loveliness and peace.

The *early history* of the district is uncertain. That it was thickly peopled in ancient times, abundant remains of well-worn trackways, numerous camps, and still frequent barrows prove; but the archæologist will find few traces of the "rude stone monuments" of these early days which once abounded on and around Exmoor—*Camden's* "certain monuments of anticke work, to wit, stones pitched in orders, some triangle wise, others in a round circle." The *Roman* associations are very vague; and though we may fairly accept the historical character of the traditional defeat of the *Danes* under Hubba, and the capture of the "Raven" standard, at Appledore, near Bideford, it is not so clear that Croyde and Putsborough, on the other side of that estuary, took name from the Norse vikings Crida and

Putta. The chief details of the recent history are dealt with under the different places named.

While the unhobbed tourist will rejoice in the delightful scenery and the fine climate, the *angler* will find that almost every stream abounds with fish, and affords excellent sport (particulars as to free and preserved waters and tickets can always be had at the hotels); and the *sportsman* who delights in a run across country may not only indulge in fox-hunting, but take part in the chase of the wild red deer, which have their last English stronghold on the wilds of Exmoor.

Nor are the scientific attractions of North Devon any whit inferior. The *botany* is rich and varied, and the combes (*cwm* = a valley, distinctively a valley opening towards the sea) abound in ferns. Devon is the fern paradise of England, and this the cryptogamic paradise of Devon. The local *algology* and *entomology* have also peculiar and noteworthy features.

To the *geologist* North Devon is exceptionally interesting, especially if he desires to study the much-vexed Devonian question, for which the fine coast sections afford abundant opportunity. Roughly speaking, the Devon and Somerset Railway may be taken as dividing North Devon into a Devonian district to the N., from Exmoor right away to Barnstaple Bay, and a Carboniferous on the S. But there is an irregular Triassic area on the E. extending from Watchett, in Bridgewater Bay, to Exeter, and stretching W. in a long tongue by Crediton towards an outlier at Hatherleigh; and while this is associated with Lias at Watchett, the Blackdown Hills further E. still are capped by Greensand. There is a Triassic outlier at Portledge, in Barnstaple Bay, and a presumed Greensand outlier at Orleigh Court, near Bideford. The Devonian rocks are metalliferous at Combemartin and North Molton; and the Carboniferous between Bideford and Umlerleigh contain several seams of anthracite. Lundy is of granite, probably of Dartmoor age.

Barnstaple Bay affords fine examples of *raised beaches*. There is a very well defined one extending westward from Westward Ho! "most conspicuous on the numerous projecting points of cliff or mimic headlands," and about 20 feet above the level of the present strand. On the eastern side of the bay similar phenomena present themselves, traceable from the northern extremity of Braunton Burrows, round the western end of Saunton down into Croyde Bay,

and so with breaks on to Baggy Point. Beneath the beach at Braunton is a huge erratic *boulder* of flesh-coloured granite, weighing at least 10 tons, and probably much more, which there seems no reason to doubt was brought thither by the agency of floating ice, when of course the land was submerged to a considerable depth. Similar granite is found in the Grampians. There is no granite of any kind nearer than 20m., and no red granite nearer than about 40m.

Two other natural phenomena of the bay claim the attention of the geologist. Northam Burrows are protected from the sea (not so completely as a few years since) by a great natural breakwater of rolled stones of various sizes known as *The Pebble Ridge*. The stones vary from half-inch pebbles up to boulders a yard across; and the Ridge has been raised to the dignity of a natural wonder, and regarded as unique. There are, however, many such pebble banks, though this one has certainly a very striking contour; and Mr. Pengelly has shown that the pebbles are derived from the cliffs of Carboniferous grit which trend away to the W., and that they travel E. until the river checks their further progress. Between the Ridge and the sea, underlying the sand and shingle, are the remains of a *submerged forest*, which has yielded bones of deer and other mammals, and also flint flakes of palæolithic type. Trees have been found buried in the Braunton sand-hills.

A submerged forest and a pebble ridge also occur in Porlock Bay; the latter not, however, on the same scale as that at Northam.

The Devonian rocks of the district between Barnstaple and Ilfracombe will be found the most largely *fossiliferous*. The Pilton beds are very productive. The limestones of Combemartin also abound in fossils. The grit and anthracite beds of the Carboniferous system and the Carboniferous limestone likewise yield fossils; and some of the best localities for these are also in the neighbourhood of Barnstaple. The Greensand of the Blackdowns is notably fossiliferous. The best *mineral* localities are the mining districts of Combemartin and North Molton. Wavellite, named after Dr. Wavell of Barnstaple, has occurred in fine specimens at Filleigh; gold at North Molton; beryl, garnet, and topaz are found at Lundy. The metallic minerals are chiefly ores of iron, lead (argentiferous), copper, and manganese.

## EXCURSIONS.

## Railway Excursion.

## I. TAUNTON TO MINEHEAD. (G.W.R.)

Distance from Taunton.	Station.	Distance from Minehead.	Distance from Taunton.	Station.	Distance from Minehead.
2	Norton Fitzwarren	22½	16½	Watchett	8½
5	Bishops Lydeard	19½	18½	Washford	6
9	{ Crowcombe }	15½	21	Blue Anchor	3½
	{ Heathfield }		23	Dunster	1½
11½	Stogumber	13½	24½	Minehead.	
15	Williton	9½			

*Time*: 1h. 20m. *Fares*: (single) 5s. 3d., 4s., 2s. 0½d.; (return) 8s., 6s.

The branch to Minehead really commences at Norton Fitzwarren, also the place of junction with the main line of the Devon and Somerset Railway, which runs to Barnstaple. NORTON is merely a village (Pop. 585), the ch. of which is seen on the right. In the distance beyond is the long, low, rolling outline of the *Quantocks*, and much further away to the left are the bleak *Black Downs*, with the Wellington monument relieved against the sky. The country through which the branch passes is at first well wooded and fertile, with many pretty peeps. BISHOPS LYDEARD (Pop. 1344; 5m. from Taunton), the next station, also presents nothing noteworthy. After passing this the character of the country gradually changes as the *Quantocks* are neared, and when CROWCOMBE HEATHFIELD (Pop. 594; 9m.) is reached it is almost rugged enough, even in these days of advancing cultivation, to justify the second name. There is more broom to be seen, however, than heath.

Here we fairly enter among the hills which we have been nearing so long. STOGUMBER (Pop. 1330; 11½m.), a little town more famous for its ales than for aught else, nestles in a hollow out of sight of its station. The uplands are, however, soon traversed, and we emerge on

a more open country, well wooded, a wide bottom valley between the Quantocks and the *Brendon Hills*, which rise grim and bare on the left. Here lies (15 m.)—

WILLITON. Hotel: *Egremont*.

A very old town which belonged to Reginald Fitzurse, one of the doomsmen of Becket. We shall hereafter see that William Tracy, another of the party, was also territorially connected with our district. *Orchard Wyndham* is one of the seats of the Egremonts; beautifully wooded. The ch. (rest.) is E. Eng. Near Williton, best reached by going through the grounds of Orchard Wyndham, is *Nettlecombe Court*, the seat of Sir A. Trevelyan, a fine house in the midst of a noble park. Williton is a good centre from which to visit the Quantocks; and either from here or Watchett we may find our way to *St. Audries*, the magnificent demesne of Sir A. A. Hood, some of the rich woodland slopes and grassy nooks of which are seen from the rail. *St. Audries* is of course (the derivation of *tawdry* will be borne in mind) *St. Etheldreda*; and close to the village of *West Quantoxhead*, some little distance from the park, is the ch. of that saint, rebuilt in 1853 at the charge of the late Sir Peregrine Acland, and enriched by the use of polished columns and other details of Devon marble. *St. Audries* has "vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees heaping up rich piles of foliage; the solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades; the brook taught to wind in the most natural meanderings or expand into the glassy lake" (*Irving*).

Soon after leaving Williton the railway reaches the verge of *Bridgewater Bay*, which it thenceforth follows pretty closely to its terminus. It is a very quiet coast-line for the most part, skirted by fair meadows, with the Brendon Hills for background, while far away over the waters many a tall ship may be seen reaching up for Bristol and the ports on the Welsh coast opposite, as yet dimly visible.

16½m. WATCHETT. (Pop., with Williton, &c., 3244.)  
Hotel: *West Somerset*.

This is a neat little port, with a neat little harbour,—enclosed by piers and protected by a breakwater,—close to which the line passes. Far older is it than it looks, for it was of sufficient importance back in Saxon times to be repeatedly ravaged by the Norsemen. Local memory of the site of some of the conflicts still abides, and a field

between Watchett and Williton bears the name of *Battle-gore*. Watchett lays itself out with some success as a watering-place. The scenery is not bold, but it is peaceful and pretty, and the red cliffs of sandstone and conglomerate, alternating with variegated marls, intersected by white bands of gypsum, and contrasted with the sombre shade of the liassic limestones, give the coast a chromatic character peculiarly its own. Nor does the land monopolize this richness of colouring. The sea along this shore often manifests a peculiar iridescence, which Gilpin noted a century since, and pictured in well-chosen words. "It [the sea] had a reddish hue with a tinge of rainbow green, which, mixed together, formed different gradations of kindred colours, and sometimes going off in purple, gave the surface of the ocean a great resplendency."

#### EXCURSIONS FROM WATCHETT.

1. On the hill overlooking Watchett is the ch. of *St. Decuman*, E. Eng., with many monuments of the Wyndham family, including a brass of 1371, and with an old cross in the churchyard. The parish includes Williton and Watchett.

2. Watchett is a convenient spot whence to visit *Cleeve Abbey*, which is reached by taking the road leading towards Wiveliscombe. An ancient bridge over a little stream leads from the road direct into the abbey grounds, the enclosing walls and moat of which may still be seen or traced. The site of the abbey, like that of most of the Cistercian houses, is well chosen alike for its beauty and the fertility of the soil. *Vallis-Florida* was the name commonly given in the middle ages to the territory of the house of "Our Lady of the Cliff," and not without good reason. The abbey was founded in 1188, and the extensive ruins which yet remain include portions of the original fabric. The gate-house is in very good preservation. It is a large building, with a passage below running from end to end, 46 feet in length; and a hall above which was used as the hostelry or guest-chamber. The outer front contains some early 13th century work. The inner front is much later, and was completed, if not altogether carried out, by Dowell, the last abbot, whose name appears above the gateway. In the gable are three niches of rich tabernacle work, the central one yet containing a well-preserved crucifixion.



The main buildings of the abbey form a quadrangle, and are "almost hidden by the foliage of walnut and sycamore trees of gigantic size." The E. Eng. work includes the entrance doorway to the chapter-house, with bold and graceful vaulting; and a large hall 59 feet by 20 feet, which is believed to have been the old refectory. The later refectory is Perp. work, surmounting an E. Eng. lower story. It is a noble room, 51 feet by 22 feet, lit by nine large Perp. windows, and still retains its handsome roof, bold in outline and exquisitely carved. On the E. wall are remains of a fresco of the crucifixion.

3. From Watchett a mineral railway runs up to the Brendon Hills (the West Somerset), the terminus of which is at *Combe Row*, where for about three-quarters of a mile there is an incline with a gradient of one in four. This line is 13m. long, and passenger trains run over it on *Saturdays*. This is an easy way of reaching the hills, which are well worth visiting for the sake of their scenery. The line may be utilized with advantage also for the ascent of Dunkery Beacon, and for the further exploration of Exmoor, concerning which see Sect. XVII. *Time: ½h. Fares: 1s., 9d., 6d.*

On leaving Watchett St. Decuman's ch. tower is seen on the hill to the right, and then for a while we leave the coast and pass through a marshy country, justifying the name of the next station, WASHFORD (18½m.), which presents no features of interest. The line, however, quickly takes to the coast again.

21m. BLUE ANCHOR. (Pop. of Old Cleeve 1689.)

This is a pretty little village by no means to be despised by those who like a quiet retreat, and are content to enjoy the milder beauties of nature. The beaches here are very extensive, and one may walk for mile after mile along the margin of the waters. There is good lodging accommodation. At the village of *Old Cleeve* is the ch. (rest.) of St. Andrew, a fine Dec. structure. Cleeve Abbey may be conveniently visited either from here or Washford, as well as from Watchett.

23m. DUNSTER. (Pop. 1156.) Hotel: *The Luttrell Arms*.

This quaint little town lies some distance back from the present shore line, where the low meadow-land, over which the waters once rolled, meets the foot of the hills of the coast range. The town is not visible from the line; but

the grim walls of *Dunster Castle* frown down from their height, the wooded ridge beyond is seen crowned by the *Conegar Tower*, and the town lies between. The castle is beautifully situated, and worthy of its site. The town is quaint, and bears many marks of antiquity in houses and other buildings. The Luttrell Arms itself is a fine old mansion of venerable aspect, and with some interesting details.

Dunster Castle is of very ancient foundation, though the main body of the building does not date beyond the days of Elizabeth. The chief gateway is, however, of the time of Edward III., and is enriched with armorial achievements. The whole of the castle has been restored at considerable cost by the present proprietor (G. F. Luttrell, Esq.), by whom also great improvements have been made in the grounds, which are very beautiful, with a singularly varied surface, and commanding fine views alike over land and sea. Tickets to visit the grounds may be obtained at the Luttrell Arms. Dunster Castle was garrisoned for Charles I. under Colonel Wyndham, but was captured by the famous William Blake, admiral and general, while he was governor of Taunton. William Prynne, of the *Histriomatrix*, was confined here by order of the Long Parliament.

Dunster ch. has special features of interest. It is cruciform, wholly Perp. in external character, and is noteworthy as having been used as two distinct churches: the portion E. of the tower being the ch. of the priory; and that W. the ch. of the parish, with its own rood screen, and every way complete in itself. The choir or priory ch. was for many years disused. The tower is a good example, 90 feet high, standing on massive piers. There is some E. Eng. work in the ch., and it was supposed to contain a Nor. arch. The priory was a cell to Bath, and was founded towards the close of the 11th century. The conventual buildings were N. of the ch., but the remains are very few. There are some remnants of the churchyard cross, and a churchyard yew of great age and very ancient aspect.

24½m. MINEHEAD. (Pop. 1605.) Hotels: *Beach, Feathers, Wellington*.

The bold promontory overhanging the little port of Minehead, and half way up the side of which stands the ch., is seen a long way before the train reaches the station, which is nearly 1m. from the older town. Minehead is a

very ancient port, an appanage of the lords of Dunster, once a place of considerable trade, and down to 1832 (when it had a total of 10 voters) the favoured possessor of its own members of parliament. Its one antiquity, however, is its ch., a large structure in the "upper town," containing a statue of Queen Anne, given in 1719 by Sir Joseph Banks, then one of the representatives in the "Commons' House." The monuments include some brasses, but the special feature of interest is after all the presence of some *chained books*, among them a black-letter Bible, and 'Jewell's Sermons.' Such parish libraries were common once; now they claim to be "made a note of."

As a watering-place Minehead has many claims to notice, not the least of which are its mild climate, and the numerous walks and excursions of which it may be made the centre.

#### EXCURSIONS FROM MINEHEAD.

1. The *Greenaleigh Hills*, which rise to the height of nearly 900 feet, may be ascended direct from the shore near the quay, or, when the tide permits, by walking along the beach, which abounds in objects of interest, and taking the foot-path up the cliff. The summit commands a very extensive view. At Greenaleigh Farm, which lies so deep in the hollow of the hill that the sun never shines on it in the winter, tourists can find accommodation; and from the farm a path leads to a secluded glen with a few ruins, said to be those of a chapel called *Burgundy*. The hills are bold bluffs of open grass-land, with wide breaks of gorse and fern.

2. The *North Hill*, or Minehead promontory, is best ascended by the path which passes E. of the ch., and conducts to the brow of a cliff whence the bay and its shores are seen mapped out hundreds of feet below, and stretching away mile after mile to the dim horizon. There are several paths on the hill, each of which (not after the fashion of virtue) is its own reward; and by taking to the left when tired of the onward ramble, the return may be made through some charming valleys, here rocky and there thickly wooded.

3. The finest inland view in the vicinity of Minehead is from *Timberscombe Hill*, a ridge dominating the fertile valley of Timberscombe, whence it takes its name, itself carpeted with the golden gorse and the purple heather,

and embracing within its horizon Porlock and Minehead Bays, the stately demesne of Dunster, many a leafy combe, and the sullen swell of Dunkery Beacon towering over all.

4. There is a very pleasant walk to Dunster through the little village of *Alcombe*, and by the heavily-wooded ridge of *Conegar*.

5. This is a good centre also for the exploration of the Exmoor country, at least in part, though not so conveniently situated for that purpose in all respects as Porlock or Lynton. Still, for those whose journey into the "west countrie" extends no further than this pleasant little port, it is well they should know that one flank of Exmoor is easily accessible. The roads skirting Exmoor have many attractions. Gilpin, riding from Dunster to Dulverton a century since, said, "We had a pleasant ride for half a dozen miles, through a winding valley, and along the sides of hills on the left, which came sloping down with their woody skirts to the road. But we soon exchanged these valleys for a naked, open country, and the woody hills for dreary slopes, cut into portions by naked hedges, unadorned by a single tree." But Gilpin's views of the picturesque did not embrace the wide moorland in its wilder beauty; and if the landscape has changed since, it has been wholly for the better. But more on this head anon, when dealing with Exmoor proper.

6. Minehead, like Watchett and Blue Anchor, and the other watering-places along this shore, while affording abundant opportunity on their long ranges of sand and shingle for bathing, have unusual facilities for water excursions. During the summer months steamers take trips along the coast and on to Lynmouth and Ilfracombe. This is the only way of seeing it to full advantage—with its frowning and many-coloured cliffs, its precipitously wooded slopes, its extensive beaches, and its occasional stretches of rich meadow flats. And when the steamers are not available boating is an amusement that may almost always be enjoyed. It is perhaps as well to warn the stranger that in walking along the beaches beneath the cliffs it is necessary to pay attention to the state of the tide. Minehead has its tradition of the narrow escape of two incautious young ladies.

7. Other hints for excursions will be found in the next section, which continues the route by road to Porlock, and Lynton and Lynmouth.

### Road Excursion.

#### II. MINEHEAD TO PORLOCK, LYNTON, AND LYNMOUTH.

The distance from Minehead to Lynton (which and Lynmouth may be treated in this respect as practically one and the same) is 18m., reckoned as 20m. for posting. Minehead to Porlock is but 6m. During the summer months a coach runs every week-day between Minehead and Lynton, passing through Porlock. Fares : 7s. inside, 6s. out. The coach is in connection with the trains, leaving Lynton in the morning and returning in the evening.

There are three ways of reaching Porlock from Minehead. The coach road is good and pleasant, winding for the most part along the lower ground between the coast ridge and the flank of Exmoor, and passing by sylvan *Holnicote* (Sir T. D. Acland). Those who foot it, have time to spare, and are not afraid of a scramble, should follow on by the coast as nearly as possible, in continuation of the excursions to North Hill and Greenaleigh.

For ordinary purposes, however, the middle course is the best—the road from the upper part of Minehead by the S. flank of the coast range, keeping straight forward along the valley, and then over the hill to the charming little village of *Selworthy*, with its pretty ch. (Perp.) and sylvan surroundings. From the hill immediately before reaching Selworthy there is a fine view of Dunkery Beacon, frowning bald and brown over the verdant lowlands. So high is the table-land from which it rises, and so gradual is the slope of its gaunt sides, that its great height (1668 feet) is not at first recognized. Far away in the distance too we get a peep of the little port of Porlock Weir.

After passing the ch. (note the cross in the churchyard) there is a choice of roads. That to the left continues through one of the leafiest, loveliest lanes in all Somerset, worthy of the fairest nooks of Devon, down to the main road for Porlock. That on the right may be followed on to Bossington, and so to *Bossington Hill*, the eastern

extremity of Porlock Bay. The coast hills here present a rapid alternation of dense hanging woodlands and bare, grassy, precipitous slopes. There are paths through the woods which command delightful views, and the headland gives the finest outlook over Exmoor to be had anywhere save from Dunkery itself. By Selworthy to Porlock is about 7m.

PORLOCK (Pop. 777) is a curious little town, dating, like its neighbours, from Saxon days (Port-locan = the "enclosed"—i. e. land-locked—port). "Port," however, Porlock is no longer, for it is a mile and more from the sea, separated therefrom by a rich meadow flat. An odd, old-fashioned place, where, if it is the traveller's first visit to the West, he may be disposed to wonder at the curious freak by which so many of the houses make the chimneys the leading structural feature of their fronts, a custom, however, by no means confined to Porlock. (There is a cosy little inn here, the *Ship*.) The ch. contains some effigies under canopies, and has a low tower surmounted by the remains of a shingled spire. There are a good cross and a fine yew in the churchyard.

#### EXCURSIONS FROM PORLOCK.

1. Porlock is the nearest place to *Culbone*, 3½m., the route to which is given in the continuation of the coast road to Lynmouth.

2. Porlock is likewise the most convenient starting-point for the ascent of *Dunkery Beacon*, 4m. There is a choice of roads, but that to be recommended is through the pleasant hamlet of *Horner*, with its lovely woods and bold, rock-strewn hill-sides and brawling streams, and thence on by the secluded village of *Stoke Pero*. This route opens up far the finest scenery. Moreover, there are no finer trees in all Somerset than are to be found at *Horner*. An easier road to Dunkery is that through *Luccombe*.

The actual ascent of the hill, when the gradual rise to the moor is surmounted, is over the wild open moorland, rugged and toilsome. But if the day be clear the result will repay all. Dunkery has been dethroned from its imagined pre-eminence among English mountains S. of the Lake District, in favour of *Yes Tor* and other Dartmoor heights, but it embraces perhaps the widest view. The

eye ranges from the Cornish Rowtor, on the one hand, to the Malvern Hills on the other. The Bristol Channel stretches in full view for six score miles. South Wales is seen extending from Monmouth right away to Pembroke. A horizon 500 miles in circuit, and a panorama including portions of 15 counties, is the reward of the ascent of Dunkery. On the summit of the hill are the remains of gigantic hearths, piled up of the unhewn stones which plentifully bestrew the rugged crest. Here were kindled the warning fires which gave to Dunkery its name of Beacon, in the olden days when John Ridd saw its signal.

"The beacon was rushing up in a fiery storm to heaven, and the form of its flame came and went in the folds, and the heavy sky was hovering. All around it was hung with red deep in twisted columns, and then a giant beard of flame streamed throughout the darkness. The sullen hills were flanked with light, and the valleys chined with shadow, and all the sombrous moors between awoke in furrowed anger" ('Lorna Doone').

3. *Porlock Weir*. See continuation of coast route.

From Porlock to Lynmouth is some 12m. by the coach road, but a greater distance by the coast path. The road presents a remarkable contrast to that between Minehead and Porlock. Immediately beyond Porlock it winds up the side of Porlock Hill, and rapidly attains a considerable elevation, continuing to follow in the main the run of the higher ground. The views are very extensive and varied, with peeps of the sea on the one hand, and on the other the deep valleys and the wild region of Exmoor. The division line between Devon and Somerset is marked by a gate across the road—*Cosgate* or County Gate.

Three miles from Porlock on the right is a road leading to Culbone. On the left, near the County Gate, is the rocky valley of *Oare* (Pop. 60), with its little ch., the centre of the district celebrated in 'Lorna Doone.' The Badgeworthy or Badgery Water, which runs into the E. Lyn, is through its course the boundary between the two counties.

From Cosgate on the right a deepcombe stretches down to *Glenthorne*, described in connection with the coast route. Close by too is an important camp known as *Oldburrow*. The only point of note between County Gate and Lynmouth is *Countisbury*, of which also more anon.

To a good walker the coast route is unhesitatingly to be

commended; and in any case it should be followed to Culbone, even if the coach road be taken thence. If the tourist is staying at Porlock, Culbone should be approached by the coast, and the return made by the road.

For the coast route take the road from Porlock to *Porlock Weir*.

From Porlock town to Porlock Weir, which may be described as the port of Porlock, and which has a little pier, is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. The inn at Porlock Weir is the *Anchor*, and good lodgings may be obtained. If, when about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. from Porlock, instead of continuing on to Porlock Weir, the road to the left along by the woods is taken, it will lead to the lodge gate of *Ashley Combe*, a summer residence of the Earl of Lovelace, which is 2 m. from Porlock. Through the grounds of Ashley Combe lies the pleasantest road to Culbone. Admission used to be free, but a charge is now made of 1s. for one visitor, 2s. for five, and 2s. 6d. for more than that number. This applies alike to pedestrians and those who are driving.

The house at Ashley is charmingly placed on a little plateau terraced out of the cliff-side, overlooking the fair expanse of Porlock Bay and the rich upland country which it borders. The road to Culbone is cut in the side of the cliff, here embosomed in luxuriant groves of arbutus, and there winding upwards in the open, with the sea below and the tree-clothed precipice above, until,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. from the lodge, it takes a sudden turn inland, and enters the singular valley of Culbone, with its still more singular little ch. An old writer quaintly objects to Culbone as "rather too poetical a situation for the general mixture of a common congregation." Besides, from the difficulty of getting there, the "fatigue of the body will abate the fervour of the mind;" in which case one would think the poetry could do but little damage. However, as the visitor "belongs to another parish," these considerations need not prevent his or her full enjoyment of the singular beauty of this enchanting nook. "The back of the cove is a noble amphitheatre of steep hills and rocks, which rise near 600 feet above the ch., and are covered with coppice woods to the top. The trees which compose these vast plantations set by the hand of Nature are oaks, beech, mountain ash, poplars, pines, and Scotch firs, mingled together in the most picturesque variety. At the back-ground of this cove, through a steep, narrow, winding glen,



a fine rivulet rushes down a narrow, rocky channel overhung with wood, and, passing by the ch., forms a succession of cascades." This description was written nearly a century since, but there is little change in these solitudes, and it is quite as true of Culbone now as it was then. Only in one respect does this romantic spot seem to have altered. Then it could not be "approached on horseback without difficulty and even danger." Now the access is as easy as the hills will allow, and as safe as an ordinary turnpike.

The ch. stands on the only patch of level ground Culbone has to boast, surrounded by its quiet God's acre. Local repute claims it to be the smallest parish ch. in the kingdom, and certainly there are not many less, for it is but 33 feet by 12, and yet has its chancel screen, and pulpit, and pews, and sacarium all complete, with a little bell-turret and a tiny porch. Small as it is, it can hold the "parish;" for at the last census the population was but 30! Architecturally it may best be described as an oddity. The present windows are of debased Perp. character, with the exception of a curious combination of window and recess in the N. chancel wall; but the antiquity of this secluded fane is probably not to be measured by these indications. It has not yet come under the hand of the restorer. So high and so steep are the hills which shut it in from the outer world, that during the three winter months the rays of the sun never penetrate to the bottom of the valley, and it lies ever in the shade. The key of the ch. is kept at the higher of the two lodges which make up the sum total of the "village" of Culbone.

From Culbone the turnpike may be reached through the road up the combe; but stout walkers should take the cliff path on to Glenthorne. For miles the steeply sloping cliff-sides bear trees and undergrowth in unbroken luxuriance—a wall of living green 1200 feet in height; its foot washed by the waters of the "Severn sea," its head sharply projected against the blue sky or half shrouded in mist and cloud. And the wood has an unceasing variety. Wild coppice gives place to stiff, dense regiments of larch, and these again to solemn, gnarled old oaks, which seem to have had many a struggle with wind and rain ere they could make good their footing on a slope so steep. At times there are jutting crags, and breaks into the open hill-side hung with fern and furze. Then there are ravines,

each with its stream plunging down the rocky cleft among the trees from above in a succession of waterfalls for hundreds of feet, and glancing and gleaming away in the green shadows below for hundreds more. Thus run the cliffs for miles. There are several paths through these woods. The best plan is to keep that which holds the midmost course until the fourth of the combe-ravines is reached, and then to turn upwards to the brow of the hill. Here on a great rocky swarded bluff is a rude stone seat. A thousand feet below lies *Glenthorne*, with the waters rippling on the strand hard by, whilst away inland stretch the two valleys which here reach the sea together—Y fashion—the one wooded and the other bare.

There will be little difficulty in discerning the downward path, but the wayfarer had better take heed—*facilis descensus* truly; but the easy is not always the pleasant, and this is a caution which he will do well to bear in mind in the course of his cliff scrambles generally. *Glenthorne* gained, there are the proverbial three courses open. *Lynmouth* may be reached by the cliff road round by the *Foreland*, 5m. if the coast is not followed too closely. Or the carriage road to *Lynmouth*, which winds in easy zigzags up the side of the combe, may be chosen. This reaches the main road about 5m. from *Lynmouth*, the total distance being 8m. The third course is to keep directly up the combe, path or no path, past a gloomy pool and a rustic cross, and plodding on knee-deep in bracken up to the main road directly at the head of the valley, and close to the gate which marks the boundary between *Somerset* and *Devon*. *Glenthorne* is just within the latter county. This route is about 6½m.

From the head of the *Glenthorne* valley the road, so far as *Countisbury*, runs over the high moorland of the coast range, with a succession of rugged valleys on the left. Across these lies *Brendon*, beyond the ravine of the *East Lyn*, a village well worthy of visit by the sojourner at *Lynton* or *Lynmouth*.

At *Countisbury* (= *Cant-ys-bury*, "the bury or camp of the headland," akin to *Canterbury*; Pop. 209) there is an inn; and hard by stands the ch., a prominent object on this bleak upland, but not claiming special consideration. From *Countisbury* the road drops rapidly and in most picturesque fashion to *Lynmouth*. "Narrow, rugged, and uneven, it creeps along the face of a prodigious rocky

down, that runs with a most rapid descent to the ocean, which is roaring below at the depth of five or six hundred feet. Formidable as the precipice is, the neighbouring inhabitants have not so much as erected a low wall or stretched a friendly rail along its brink; . . . but this road, so alarming to the stranger, is totally divested of anything like horror to the Devonian. . . . Whilst I was descending the most abrupt part with the greatest caution, a Devonshire peasant, seated upon a laden horse, and driving three others before him, passed by me down the declivity at the rate of a dashing postilion on a good turnpike road." So wrote the Rev. Richard Warner nigh four score years since. The road is protected by a wall now, but all else remains the same. Still, even in Warner's time, it must have been considered exceptionally good, for another authority of the same date says that the roads, as a rule, were so bad and steep throughout the district that no vehicles of any kind could be used.

#### LYNMOUTH and LYNTON.

Lynmouth crouches at the foot of the hills; Lynton is perched midway upon them. Each has its own peculiar charms. At each there is excellent accommodation. Lynmouth has the *Lyndale* and the *Bath Hotels*; Lynton the *Valley of Rocks*, *Royal Castle*, *Crown*, and *Queen*; and there are many lodging-houses. The joint population is 1170. Besides the summer coach to Minehead, the twin towns are in regular communication by coach with Ilfracombe and Barnstaple. Fares: Ilfracombe, coach, 6s.; Barnstaple, 5s. out, 6s. in. In summer the steamboats between Portishead and Ilfracombe call at Lynmouth. [See Introduction.] There is a project to make a railway from South Molton to Lynton.

Lynmouth was anciently dependent wholly on its fishery, and Westcote amusingly narrates how that when the herrings first came thither from Ireland in shoals—that "king of fishes!"—there were great catches for five or six years, until the "parson vexed the poor fishermen for extraordinary unusual tithes." Then the indignant herrings "suddenly clean left the coast," and thus very effectually cut off the supplies. Probably the parson relented, thinking of the proverbial half loaf. At any rate, says Westcote, "God be thanked, they began to resort hither again."

Lynton and Lynmouth have been the themes of a good deal of word painting; but no single description has yet

been written that does them full justice. Ever since Southey called Lynmouth "the finest spot except Cintra and the Arrabida" which he had ever seen, it has been the fashion to speak of the scenery as Pyrenean. More recently, however, Lynton has been dubbed the English Switzerland, and with this much of truth, that perhaps there is no place in the kingdom more decidedly sub-Alpine in its aspect. We have nothing anywhere that approaches more nearly to the character of an Alpine pass than the cliff road to the Valley of Rocks, but when comparison and illustration have reached their limits, there still remains this difference between the famous North Devon, and the Continental Switzerland—Lynton and Lynmouth have the sea; and Switzerland has not. And on the other hand the glaciers of Lynton are decidedly pre-historic.

Where the hills of the coast belt rise rock-ribbed and gaunt a thousand feet above the waters that plash and foam below, there comes a sudden gap—no creek or petty bay, but a sheer precipitous break, with just so much level floor-way next the shore as may give room for road and river and a cluster of houses, while a little Rhenish-towered pier encloses a tiny harbour. Here Lynmouth nestles, "crouching at the feet of august rocky hills which beetle over it in every direction," clinging to the one spot of habitable borderland between sea and crag.

Landward the hills are cloven by two deep, stern valleys, down which rush the *E.* and the *W. Lyn*, to mingle their waters a few yards from the point where they pour a common current to the tide. The valley of the *W. Lyn* is a true gorge, so narrow is it, so deep, so shrouded in foliage, while its bouldered bottom descends so rapidly that for nearly half a mile the course of the stream is one long, white, flashing fall, the waters leaping from rock to rock and gliding through age-worn gullies, onward and downward for a total descent of upwards of 400 feet.

The *E. Lyn*, which is the larger of the two, rushes through a wild ravine between two high, bare, stony ridges, running for some distance nearly parallel with the coast; sterner and grander in its surroundings than the sister stream here where it nears the sea, but higher up its course winding amidst scenes of the richest sylvan beauty, with many a quiet pool and many a foamy rapid.

Thus do the twin Lyns roll and roar headlong to their outlet, with an everlasting murmurous music of their own,

so near and so attuned to that of the breaking waves that, as Southey says, "the river and the sea make but one sound of uproar."

To be very exact, Lynton is higher in the world than Lynmouth by 428 feet. As you descend the hill from Countisbury you may see its houses glancing among the trees on the hill overhanging Lynmouth, if it be day; or its lights gleaming and twinkling like a fortuitous concurrence of stray lighthouses, if it be night. The road between Lynton and Lynmouth is necessarily one of noteworthy gradients, and the remarkable difference in position is a point to be borne in mind by the visitor in choosing his quarters. Each place has its special charms. With the exception of the Valley of Rocks, the scenery of the district can be more easily explored from Lynmouth. On the other hand, Lynton commands the most extensive views. A visitor to Lynton nearly a century since thus expressed his surprise at the character of the view from the churchyard:—"I saw the romantic town of Lynmouth several hundred feet below, of inexpressible picturesque beauty; . . . it appeared more an illusion of the imagination than a real scene, and it was some time before I could survey with coolness the variety beneath me; every object except the hills was in miniature; bridges, cottages, and woody inclosures lay sprinkled over the little vale of uncommon variety and individual interest. On the left is its small pier. . . . The zigzag descent from Lynton is occasionally seen stretching in perspective from side to side, till, lost amidst the wood at the entrance of the vale, it presently emerges and is carried over a stone bridge." It is the *parish ch.* which is at Lynton. Originally consisting of nave, chancel, and tower only, it has been enlarged to meet the increase of population caused by the growing popularity of the locality as a summer resort. Lynmouth has a chapel of ease.

#### EXCURSIONS FROM LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH.

Nowhere in North Devon is there richer variety of scenery or wider scope for the walking excursionist than here. Indeed, it is only to the pedestrian that the district fully yields its landscape treasures. True, there are a good many drives, but in this rugged country wheels will not go everywhere, and some of the most delightful roads

must either be walked or ridden. Fortunately for those whose legs are not equal to the perpetual ups and downs of ever-recurring hill and vale, there are plenty of sure-footed ponies to be obtained of the genuine sturdy Exmoor breed, quite as good in their way as the much bepraised mules of the Swiss mountains, and to be hired as a rule for about 6s. a day.

1. *The Valley of Rocks* is the chief lion of Lynton, but some may think it has suffered somewhat from over-praise. Maton says, "Vast fragments [of rock] overspread the valley, and which way soever we turned our eyes, awful vestiges of convulsion and desolation presented themselves, inspiring the most sublime ideas." Another writer of the same date speaks of the rocks as lying on the sides of the valley "in the most extraordinary confusion and apparent insecurity, almost requiring a similar precaution as in those awful passes of the Alps where the guides impose silence on those whom they conduct, lest the vibration of their voices should shake from their fragile foundation the impending avalanches, and crush beneath their enormous weight the unfortunate and ill-fated travellers!" Southey's description, though he too waxes so enthusiastic as to declare that he "never felt the sublimity of solitude before" he paid the valley a visit, is the best that has been written:—"A narrow vale between two ridges of hills, somewhat steep; the southern hill turfed . . . covered with huge stones and fragments of stone among the fern that fills it; the northern ridge completely bare, excoriated of all turf and all soil, the very bones and skeleton of the earth; rock reclining upon rock, stone piled upon stone, a huge, terrific mass." The valley is not so solitary now, for it is traversed by a road; but its turf is as green, its ferns are as luxuriant, its ridges as bare, and its stony hills as fantastic. The rock is a grey weathering, massive slate, lying in nearly horizontal strata; and this fact accounts for the grotesque and imitative forms which it assumes: here piled up in fragments of mock masonry, there wrought into peaks and pillars and colossal quaintnesses, which have been held to give colour to demoniac legend and Druidic myth. The valley is narrow at the end nearest Lynton, but gradually widens until it terminates suddenly in the sea-front of the cliff, with a great crag, called the *Castle Rock*, standing sentinel nearly midway in the opening. This hill rises to a height of nearly

800 feet, and overhangs on its seaward front. A rugged path leads to the summit, which is crowned with some of the most deceptive masses of natural masonry the valley owns. Hence the name of the Castle Rock. The valley is locally called the *Danes*, and there is a tradition of a supposed defeat of the seafolk here. But "danés" far more probably = *dene*, a "valley," unless it be connected with the Celtic *dinas*, a "fortification," in the *Castle* rock.

The best way to approach the valley is by the *North Walk*, which was cut by Mr. Sanford in 1817. It is a terrace path in the face of the cliff, four feet or so in width, with the sea rolling hundreds of feet below, and the hill-side towering hundreds of feet above. Ere the walk was hewn, the cliff, sheer or swift sloping, afforded barely foothold for a goat; and even now the path, a genuine mountain pass, with no protection, may daunt the timid, though involving no real risk. Nearly a mile and a half in length, rising gradually higher and higher, commanding the whole width of the Severn Sea, until 20 miles away the Welsh coast dimly looms, the North Walk is absolutely unique in this country. The further one goes the grander it becomes; and when at length, after rounding many a jutting point, a sudden turn leads into the valley through a gigantic rocky portal that Southey likened to the entrance of a city of the Anakim, you feel that even if this were all Lynton had to boast, it were good to have come hither.

The return may be made through the Valley; distance about 3m.

2. If, instead of returning to Lynton, when the Castle Rock is reached, by either route, the road westward is followed another half mile brings us to *Lee Abbey* (C. Bailey, Esq.). This is a charming modern house with a semi-cloistered approach of mimic ruins, occupying the site of the old residence of the Whichebalses, a family of Dutch origin, Protestant refugees of the 16th century, who figure in 'Lorna Doone.' The situation is singularly secluded and romantic. A bowl-shaped valley slopes downward to a little cove on the W. On the N. it is sheltered from the sea by a bold ridge terminating in the craggy height of Duty Point, whence there is a fine outlook. On the S. the hills close in like an amphitheatre, tree-clad from head to foot. The abbey stands nearly midway down the slope. The path leads through the

abbey grounds past the house to the head of the cove, whence a road (left) conducts to the main road between Barnstaple and Lynton; and if a walk of 4m. or so only is desired, the return to Lynton had better be made by this route.

3. Continuing on by the coast, instead of turning left from Lee Abbey, we get into the road to Martinhoe and *Woody Bay* (W. A. Sanford, Esq.). Martinhoe (Pop. 210) is quickest reached by keeping to the left where the road divides, and following the upward path. By this route it is only 4m. from Lynton. The right hand road leads along the hill-side down into Woody Bay. This is emphatically a place to be seen. The trees grow thick and tall almost from the very verge of the water, and tower in slopes and terraces up the inclosing hills to the height of nearly 900 feet. Like every true Devonshire combe, Woody Bay has its streamlet, here dashing and plashing over its rocky bed far down in the foliaged depths. A zigzag road on the bare hill-side W. of the bay leads up to a bald, bleak common and Martinhoe, where the higher inland road can be taken back to Lynton. Woody Bay is 5m. from Lynton, and Martinhoe by this route about 6m.

4. *Martinhoe* ch. (rest.) is mainly E. Eng., but does not claim a visit. *Hoe* here, as elsewhere in North Devon, is simply the Saxon *hoeg*, "high." On the opposite high land beyond the valley of *Heddon's Mouth* is *Trentishoe* (Pop. 106) [Sect. III.]. To reach Heddon's Mouth, turn to the left from Martinhoe ch. to the cross way, whence a rugged road leads down into the valley. In the bottom is an unpretentious, comfortable inn. Thence to the Mouth proper is 1m., and 1m. of the most umbrageously romantic scenery in Devon. Heddon's Mouth is some 2½m. from Martinhoe.

5. The most attractive easy walk from Lynmouth is through the grounds of *Glen Lyn* (W. K. Riddel, Esq.), to which visitors are freely admitted, and which lie in the gorge of the W. Lyn. The road runs by the side of the river—here, as already noted, for nearly half a mile one continuous waterfall. The ravine is much finer than the famous "Torrent Walk" at Dolgelly. The entrance to Glen Lyn is close to the Lyndale Hotel.

6. *Watersmeet* is on the E. Lyn, 1½m. from Lynmouth. The road follows the course of the stream up the valley; bare and rocky near the sea, shrouded in trees with the



densest undergrowth of ferns higher up, and developing rarer beauties at every step until the ravine forks. This is Watersmeet—the meeting-place of the Lyn and the Brendon Water—a perfect realization of the ideal of wild, sylvan loveliness. There is no sameness or tameness about these mountain streams. Here shattered into fleecy fragments by their rugged barriers of huge sombre rocks, grey with lichen and green with moss; there sweeping down in one seething, swirling rush; anon broadening in some quiet pool, placid as if the moorland rains never troubled and the boulders never vexed; while the trout play in the shallows, and the salmon in their strength defy the utmost raging of eddy and of rapid. From Watersmeet the path up the hill may be taken direct to Lyn Cliff, which overlooks the little port.

7. *Lyn Cliff* may also be ascended from *Ilford Bridges*,  $\frac{1}{2}$ m. or so on the road beyond Watersmeet. The return can be made by descending to Barbrook Mill. Two miles from Lynmouth the road to the left across the stream from Ilford Bridges leads through a lovely valley to the village of *Brendon* (Pop. 252). Here there is a rustic bridge and a pretty little waterfall. Brendon ch. (rest.) only dates from 1733. At Farley farm in this parish Major Wade was taken after the battle of Sedgmoor. From Brendon the return may be made to and by the Porlock road.

8. *Millslade* is reached either by way of Brendon, or by taking the path through the woods in the left hand valley at Watersmeet. It is another romantic nook on the E. Lyn. Still higher up towards Badgeworthy is *Malmsmead*, with its picturesque two-arched bridge.

9. *Oare* ch. is 7m. from Lynmouth. The readiest way is through Brendon. [See *ante*.]

10. *Glenthorne* (W. Halliday, Esq.). This has already been described. The cliff road, 5m., turns to the left at Countisbury. For the carriage route, 8m., the main road must be followed some 3m. beyond Countisbury, and the drive entered by a gate left, as already noted.

11. For the *Foreland* turn to the left at Countisbury, and keep along the dip of the hill ( $2\frac{1}{2}$ m.). Eight counties may be seen from this bold headland, which is 734 feet high, and projects further into the Channel than any other on this coast. There is an old camp a short distance on the Lynmouth side of Countisbury, and Oldbarrow, above Glenthorne [see *ante*] is a very fine one. Camps and barrows are numerous here.

12. *Simonsbath*, the capital, or at least the centre, of Exmoor [Sect. XVII.], is 9m. distant. Take the road by Ilford Bridges, and proceed thence either by Brendon or direct.

There is capital fishing in the Lyns and their tributaries. Particulars at the hotels as to tickets and free waters.

### Road Excursion.

#### III. LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH TO ILFRACOMBE.

Coaches run daily—except Sunday—between Lynton and Ilfracombe, leaving Lynton in the evening and Ilfracombe in the morning (fares: 6s. each way); and during the season from Ilfracombe to Lynton at frequent intervals at excursion rates (7s. return). The distance is 18m., generally reckoned as a posting 20m. The road is very pretty from Lynton through Barbrook Mill, and on towards Parracombe, but thence is not particularly attractive until Combemartin is reached, either road from which to Ilfracombe, by the cliff or through Berry Nabór, is delightful. There is another coach road more inland which avoids Combemartin, and should be avoided in like manner by any one who is driving independently. Clear instructions to the driver on this head are indispensable. As the beauty of the valley at Barbrook Mill has already been noted [Sect. II.], and the cliff road from Combemartin onward will be described in connection with the coast route, there is no need to deal further here with the coach communication.

The coast road, which is recommended to all who can manage a decent walk (ponies are available for ladies), is not so long as the turnpike—about 15m. It lies through the Valley of Rocks by Lee Abbey and Martinhoe, as already described [Sect. II.], and from the Heddon's Mouth ravine up by Trentishoe. This valley, for the mile between the inn and the sea, displays the wildest sylvan beauty—a great chasm in the uplands with steeply sloping sides lined with trees, and side glens opening into each mazy bend. At these points the scenery is as romantic as any in North Devon, and the very finest is commanded from the road to Trentishoe as it winds up through the woods and round the precipitous bracken hill-side to the little ch. (rest.). This, like its companion and neigh-

bour at Martinhoe, is in the main E. Eng., but does not claim a visit. When Trentishoe ch. is passed we are near the summit of the hill, and thence the road stretches away for miles along the barren moorland, winding round the crest of the hill between Trentishoe Barrow and the Great Hangman—which rises to the height of 1187 feet—with the sea on the one hand, and a wide valley with nothing noteworthy about it on the other. This is a breezy road if there is any wind about, and there are few better places in Devon to appreciate the virtues of Kingsley's 'Wild North-Easter.' A cross road on the right leads down a hill, which, like a true Devonshire lane, seems to have no end, into Combemartin. As it descends, however, the character of the country improves, notwithstanding the scattered mine heaps, and the final approach to the village is through a tree-bordered road in which the "hound's tongue" grows in the most lavish luxuriance.

COMBEMARTIN. (Pop. 1418.) Hotels: *King's Arms and Valley*. This is a very long and somewhat straggling village, extending from its curious creek port beneath the Little Hangman upwards of 1½ m. inland. The seaward end of thecombe is admirably described by Maton. "A well-broken lofty pile of rocks rise on one side of a little creek, and constitute the termination of a ridge deliciously wooded towards the village, and answered by hills of equal boldness opposite. From the brows of the rocks hang a few tufts of foliage spared by the rude blasts of the main; the waves buffet the partial verdure at their base." The Little Hangman, the headland E. of the creek, is 758 feet high; the Great Hangman, further E. still, 1083. Fuller tells an apocryphal story anent their name being derived from a sheep-stealer hung there. Carrying home his prey slung round his neck, he sat down to rest on a stone, when the animal, struggling, slipped behind and strangled its captor. The legend is, however, one of those which are the common property of many localities, and here arises out of the name. Hangman is clearly of Keltic origin; man = *maen*, a stone, while *an* in the old Cornish is simply the definite article. The importance of the Great Hangman would fully justify the pre-eminence thus indicated.

Combemartin takes its distinctive suffix from the Martins, its Nor. lords. It was noted for its mines of silver lead (argentiferous galena) at least six centuries since. The

lodes were then worked only for the sake of the silver contained in the ore, which was refined in a skilful fashion, and yielded what was considered great wealth. As the mines were royal property, they proved material aids to the treasuries of the early Edwards. After a long interval of idleness they were again worked by Sir Bevis Bulmer in the reign of Elizabeth, and a cup of Combemartin silver is part of the corporate plate of the City of London, bearing the date 1593 and the following verses :—

“ When water workes in Broaken wharfe  
 At first erected were,  
 And Beavis Bulmer, with his arte,  
 The waters 'gan to reare ;  
 Dispersed I in earth did lye,  
 Since alle beginning olde,  
 In place called Combe, where Martin longe  
 Had hid mee in his molde.  
 I dydd no service on the earthe,  
 And no manne set mee free,  
 Till Bulmer by his skill and charge  
 Did frame mee this to be.”

After Bulmer's time the mines again lay idle, nor, although several attempts have been made to re-work them since, and some very recently, have they ever been prosecuted with success. Other efforts are now being made. The galena has yielded as much as 148 ounces of silver to the ton. Other minerals occur in this curiously-isolated mineral district, which in all probability has yet a promising future, including various ores of iron, copper, antimony, nickel, and zinc.

Combemartin ch. (rest.) is picturesquely situated near the lower end of the valley. The chancel is an interesting example of E. Eng., with the original lancets. The body of the fabric is Perp., and the tower (99 feet high) is enriched with sculpture, much worn by time. The screen, though defaced, is still a beautiful example of Perp. woodwork, some of the most elaborate portions of the carving remaining intact. The panels are painted with figures of saints. There is a Hancock brass, 1587, and some other noteworthy memorials ; several of the windows are filled with stained glass.

Combemartin was the birthplace of Harding, the antagonist of Jewell, his neighbour, and Jesuit Professor of Theology at Louvain.

The road from Combemartin to Ilfracombe (4m.) follows the coast line closely, and is very beautiful, winding round each jutting point, and at every turn developing new charms. There is a fine view of the rugged headland on the E. of Combemartin creek, about  $\frac{1}{2}$ m. on. A little further, on the left, a road leads to *Berry Nabor* [Sect. IX.]. The curious little inlet of Watermouth, where a long rocky promontory—a reef capped with turf, like a natural breakwater—encloses a quaint harbour, is next seen right ahead. A short cut over a couple of fields will save nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$ m. of road, and lead on to Watermouth, directly beneath the picturesque (modern) castle which overlooks this charming nook. Thence the road continues over the hill, the landward side of Helesborough, on to the higher part of Ilfracombe [Sect. IX.], of which it commands an excellent view.

### Railway Excursion.

#### IV. TAUNTON TO BARNSTAPLE. (G.W.R.)

Distance from Taunton.	Station.	Distance from Barnstaple.	Distance from Taunton.	Station.	Distance from Barnstaple.
2	Norton Fitzwarren	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	East Anstey	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
6 $\frac{1}{2}$	Milverton	38	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	Molland	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
9 $\frac{1}{2}$	Wiveliscombe	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	South Molton	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
14	Venn Cross	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	Castle Hill	7
17 $\frac{1}{2}$	Morebath	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	40 $\frac{1}{2}$	Swimbridge	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
21	Dulverton	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	Barnstaple	

*Time*: (*fast*) 1h. 40m.; (*ordinary*) 2h. 10m. *Fares*: (*single*) 9s. 3d., 7s. 4d., 3s. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; (*return*) 13s. 11d., 11s.

The Devon and Somerset Railway, between Taunton and Barnstaple, is chiefly in the county of Devon. It runs through Somerset so far as the little station of Venn Cross; then enters Devon, and so continues until it crosses a jutting corner of Somerset between Dulverton and East Anstey, after which its course is wholly Devonian. It does not equal the other lines of Devon in landscape beauty, but will compare not unfavourably with the majority of railways in the kingdom, and has several points of interest. Like the Minehead branch, it commences by a junction with the main line at Norton Fitzwarren, and continues on for several miles through a pleasant pastoral country, bounded on the one hand by the Black Down Hills, and on the other by the Quantocks.

MILVERTON (Pop. 2018;  $6\frac{1}{4}$ m.) is the first station after leaving the junction. It does not call for detailed notice.

$9\frac{1}{2}$ m. WIVELISCOMBE. (Pop. 3172.)

A respectable, clean little town, embosomed among the hills, with not a few attractions for the wanderer. It is presumed to have been a Roman station, and Roman coins have been found here. A mile from the town are the remains of a camp. For some not very apparent reason, save the charm of alliteration, this quiet country place has obtained the soubriquet of "Wicked Wiveliscombe." If the prefix is deserved, all we can say is that Wiveliscombe affords another warning anent the danger of trusting to appearances. There is much pleasant scenery in the neighbourhood. Watchett is 12m. distant N., through Monksilver and Nettlecombe; a good road to cross from one line to the other, if a walk is preferred to the railway round by Norton Fitzwarren.

14m. VENN CROSS. Merely a wayside station, which serves for the parish of *Clayhanger* (Pop. 262), the ch. of which is  $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. distant. It is mainly E. Eng., with the original carved oak benches; and one of the bells is reputedly the oldest in the county. This is a hilly district broken by frequent valleys, in which flow the Batham and its tributaries.

$17\frac{1}{2}$ m. MOREBATH. (Pop. 447.) This station is nearly equidistant between Morebath and Bampton (Pop. 1928), being just two miles from either. A conveyance from Bampton meets the trains. There is very little worthy of note in BAMPTON (Hotel: *White Horse*), a mere straggling townlet, with a site a great deal too good for it. In the churchyard are two fine yews, the trunks of which have been oddly walled in. The ch. has been partially restored, and is not particularly interesting. It contains a screen. Here was born, and hence named, the Aristotelean Carmelite, John de Bampton (d. 1391).

There are very large and very old limestone quarries here (fossiliferous), and the casual observer may need to be cautioned against taking them for anything else. The long grass-grown mounds of debris do not look very unlike defensive earthworks, and there are some bits of masonry about that would do duty for the remains of an old tower. At least the mistake has been made before now. Bampton did once have its castle, but every vestige has long disappeared. There is a chalybeate spring here

which is rather more nasty than is usual, and therefore of superior merit. Polwhele claimed Bampton as a Roman station, and treated the name of the river Batham as a "compound of *bath* and *thermæ* (from *calidus*), *hot baths!*" There is little doubt that the real name of the river is the Baeth, and that Bampton was originally Baeth-ham-tun; which, misread as the "tun of the Batham," re-named the stream.

Bampton is 7m. from Tiverton, and the road between one of the prettiest in Devon. It follows the valley of the Batham to its junction with the Exe, and thence runs by the side of the latter river on to Tiverton. Between the two towns lies the finest portion of the Exe valley. Hills clad without break in the densest, richest foliage, ever varying in slope and character, closing in or receding as the course of the river changes, rise above the luxuriant meadows watered by the winding stream. A railway through the Exe valley has long been projected, and for some time authorized.

Returning to the "Devon and Somerset," and continuing on our railway journey, Morebath with its simple ch. (rest., tower E. Eng., contains some good modern glass) is seen on the right, nearly midway between its station and the next; and 1m. beyond the line crosses first the Exe and then the Barle, its most important feeder, which falls into the former just below.

21m. DULVERTON. (Pop. 1376.) Hotel: *Lion*. At station *Carnarvon Arms*. Here we are again in Somerset. The town is 2m. from the station, but a conveyance meets the trains. The road to the town lies by the side of the Barle, and is overshadowed throughout by trees. On the right are the lovely glades of *Pixton Park* (Earl Carnarvon); the house, recently enlarged, occupying a prominent position on the summit of a steep hill. Dulverton is charmingly situated, in a kind of amphitheatric expansion of the valley of the Barle, where the river emerges from the wild ravine through which it descends from Exmoor. The landscape is a happy mingling of hill, rock, and wood, and Dulverton, though perhaps a trifle dull (as its name does *not* signify), is not altogether unworthy of its site. The ch., with the exception of the tower, was rebuilt several years since. It is Perp., and contains some good modern glass.

## EXCURSIONS FROM DULVERTON.

1. There is a fine view from *Hele Bridge* on the Exe, 1m. from Dulverton, where the river flows through a narrow valley enclosed with wooded hills. The valley of the Exe may be followed up for several miles on the road by Exton towards Dunster, 17m., but is there more open [Sect. XVII.].

2. *Exe Bridge*, where the Exe and the Barle unite, is near the station, and about 2m. from the town, amidst deep woodlands.

3. The ravine of the Barle is luxuriantly wooded for several miles. About 5m. from Dulverton, near Hawkridge, is *Tar Steps*, an ancient stone bridge of cyclopean character. This bridge consists altogether of 19 openings—16 through which the river passes, and three dry openings on the right bank. It is 50 paces over. "The pillars or piers are formed of flags laid horizontally, and long slabs extending from pier to pier, in a manner similar to the bridge at Post Bridge [Dartmoor]. These slabs were the cheapest and most easily-procured material of the district, but the picturesque appearance of these rough bridges has probably caused persons unaccustomed to such masses of stone to ascribe more importance to them than they really deserve" (*G. W. Ormerod*). *Tor*, locally pronounced *Tar*, has been associated with *Thor*; and the tradition of the country-side gives the devil as the architect.

4. The scenery of Pixton is delightful, and the walk through the park from the town to the station should be taken, if permission can be obtained.

There is nothing in the landscape to note for some miles after passing Dulverton. The line skirts the least interesting part of Exmoor, and the next station, **EAST ANSTEY** (24½m.), serves only for the accommodation of the two Ansteyes, East and West, the joint population of which is but 529. Beyond East Anstey we get more wood.

29¼m. **MOLLAND**. This is the station for *Molland Bottreaux* (Pop. 577) and *Bishops Nympton* (Pop. 1155): the one distant 2½m. and the other 3m. Molland Bottreaux has claim to notice, inasmuch as it has been regarded as the Roman Termolus. The chs. of Molland and E. Anstey are mainly Perp.; the nave and chancel of W. Anstey are Dec. Bishops Nympton ch. has a good tower—one of a famous North Devon trio celebrated in the district as "length,



strength, and beauty." This is "length;" "strength" and "beauty" are to follow. "The parsonage," an old farm-house with ancient barn, is supposed to have been the episcopal residence of the manor.

*Creacombe* ch., 7m. S.E. (rebuilt), has been regarded with much interest as containing reputedly Saxon work in its S. doorway, a small opening 7 ft. 6 in. in extreme height, and 3 feet in width, and with a *Λ* shaped head. The ch. is very small. That such a doorway was very old and very peculiar might be conceded without being driven to the conclusion that in this remote parish we had the sole example of Saxon ecclesiastical architecture in the county; for although so commonly accepted, the identification is decidedly doubtful. *Creacombe* appears in *Domesday* as a manor so insignificant that it was appendant to another, gelding for half a hide, worth ten shillings a year, and without any record of villein, serf, or bordar. That in such a manor a ch. of "stane and lime" should have been erected seems beyond all likelihood. The population of the parish is only 62 now.

34½m. SOUTH MOLTON. (Pop. 3978.) Hotel: *The George*. A thriving borough town of the agricultural class, the centre of an important district, and having a good market. The ch. has been restored. Well-to-do, however, as it may be, and creditable as is the spirit shown in the erection of the excellent market-hall and other public buildings, there is nothing in South Molton to attract the summer visitor. The ch. tower, the "strength" of the old saying [see *ante*], is 140 feet in total height. The pulpit is stone, elaborately carved.

Three miles and a half to the N., at the foot of the ridge of hills which bears its name, is *North Molton* (Pop. 1703). The ch. here is a fine building (rest.), with tower 100 feet high, and a good screen and pulpit. This is the ancient seat of the Bampfylde, and there is a monument in the ch. to the memory of Sir Simon Bampfylde, his wife, and 17 children. Court Hall is still the residence of Lord Poltimore, the head of the family. North Molton has a mining district of varied mineral wealth, chiefly yielding iron and copper. In one of the mines gold has frequently been found, associated with hematite.

The *Holy-well* here is one of the few remaining in Devon which still retains some reputation, though its sanctity is fast passing into oblivion. Holy Thursday is the special

time for visitation, and the waters are equally good whether used to wash in or to drink.

A large oak in this parish known as the Flitton oak is of enormous antiquity. Close to the ground it is 33 feet in circumference.

This is the district more particularly connected with the famous "red Devon" cattle—the first in symmetry and quality of our native breeds, though by no means the bulkiest.

37½m. **CASTLE HILL.** Between South Molton and Castle Hill are the heaviest works on the line—deep cuttings, long tunnels, and a high viaduct. This last crosses a part of the grounds of *Castle Hill*, the seat of Earl Fortescue, and thus affords a pleasant peep over one of the most picturesque portions of the demesne, with the Bray flowing peacefully in the valley below, and the wooded hills around. Castle Hill itself is about 1m. from the station of the same name. It is in the parish of *Filleigh* (Pop. 370), the ch. of which is about twice that distance. There is no castle at Castle Hill beyond an artificial ruin, erected in the last century to justify the name and lend a fictitious interest to the landscape, which, however, really needs no such aids. Filleigh is 3½m. from South Molton by road. The ch. was rebuilt early in the last century and has been restored and enlarged. There are brasses here to Richard Fortescue (1570).

From Castle Hill the line winds through a pleasant country enough until it reaches, 40½ m., **SWYMBRIDGE** (Pop. 1422), which nestles among the hills on the left. This is the nearest station to *West Buckland*, where the first county middle class school in England was established several years since by Prebendary Brereton, Earl Fortescue, and other gentlemen, and where it flourishes with unabated vigour. Swymbridge ch. is fairly interesting, and has a complete screen of Perp. date, and a stone pulpit with figures of the evangelists. The font is canopied, and the tower has a leaden spire. Lely is credited with a portrait memorial on copper.

Half way between Swymbridge and Barnstaple is *Landkey* (Pop. 671). This is the original seat of the Acland family, and there is a fine canopied monument to Sir Arthur Acland and his wife Elinor, dated 1610.

Coaches meet certain trains at the Barnstaple station for Ilfracombe.

### Railway Excursion.

#### V. EXETER TO BARNSTAPLE. (S.W.R.)

Distance from Exeter.	Station.	Distance from Barnstaple.	Distance from Exeter.	Station.	Distance from Barnstaple.
4½	Newton St. Cyres	35	21½	Eggesford	18
7	Crediton	32½	25	S. Molton Road	14½
11½	Yeoford	28	29	Portsmouth Arms	10½
13½	Copplestone	26	32½	Umbleigh	7
15½	Morchard Road	24½	35	Chapelton	4½
18½	Lapford	21½	39½	Barnstaple	

*Time from Queen Street (but all the trains call at St. David's, the chief Exeter G.W.R. station): (average) 1½h. Fares: (single) 8s. 2d., 5s. 9d., 3s. 3d.; (return) 13s. 6d., 9s. Refreshment Rooms at Exeter, Yeoford, Barnstaple.*

The line crosses the Exe at Cowley Bridge. The first station is—

4½m. **NEWTON ST. CYRES.** (Pop. 959.) There are manganese mines in this parish, but not now of their older importance. Near here is *Pyne*, the seat of Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Beaconsfield's administration, and leader of the House of Commons on that Premier's removal to the Upper House.

7½m. **CREDITON.** (Pop. 4222.) Hotels: *Angel, Ship*. A very old town, the first seat of the Anglo-Saxon bishopric of Devon, established in 910, and there continuing until Bishop Leofric in 1050 removed to Exeter. The old rhyme runs—

“Kirton was a borough town  
When Exon was a vuzzy down.”

But the same thing is said of scores of other places, and Bradninch, too, claims to have been a “mayor town” when Exeter was unheard of. Kirton is still, as it has been for centuries, the colloquial name. The only feature of real note in the history of Crediton beyond its association with the bishopric, is its having been the birthplace

of *Winfred* or *Boniface*, the apostle of Germany. The Roman Catholic rebels of the 16th century made Crediton their head-quarters, and were driven out by the Carews; and a century later it had visits in turn from King Charles, Prince Maurice, and Fairfax. It was one of the great centres of the Devonshire woollen trade. The ancient collegiate ch. of the Holy Cross is a fine building, mainly Perp., but with Nor. work in the basement of the tower. It is to be restored. The scenery around Crediton is pretty, and there are several seats in the vicinity. *Downes* belongs to Major Buller. *Creedy* to Sir H. R. Davie.

11½m. YEOFORD. This is merely a hamlet, but of importance so far as the iron road is concerned, as the point where the line to Plymouth and Devonport branches off from the North Devon line to Barnstaple.

It is between Yeoford and Barnstaple that the chief charms of the North Devon Railway are to be found. The abundance of trees, the continuous alternation of low hill and gentle valley, the perpetual recurrence of babbling brook and rushing river, yield a succession of landscapes of softened beauty that never pall, because, though kin in character, their details are ever varied. Five and twenty miles of more park-like country even Devon cannot show.

Immediately after leaving Yeoford and passing the junction with the extension to Plymouth and Devonport, the tower of *Colebrook* ch. is seen on the hill to the left. This ch. contains, in connection with the Copplesstone aisle, a late Perp. screen of beautiful workmanship. There are also two hagioscopes and a "low-side window," and at the entrance to the Horwell chapel two pillars of Anglo-Nor. character (Pop. 787). Abraham Cann, the Devonshire wrestling champion of the palmy days of wrestling, has his monument here.

13½m. COPPLESTONE. This is a point of great interest to the antiquary; for within a few minutes' walk of the station is the most remarkable monument of its kind in the county—*Copplesstone Cross*—known of old time as the Copelanstan, which, as Mr. R. J. King (to whom we are indebted for the best account of it—Vide 'Dev. Ass. Trans.,' vol. viii. pp. 350—359) says, may mean the "headland stone" or "chief stone,"—*cop* = summit,—or may contain a personal name. Be that as it may, the estate of Copelanstan is mentioned in a charter of Eadgar, A.D. 974, and the stone must be of older date than the estate to which it

gave name. There is no doubt that it occupies the same position now as that in which it was first erected 10 centuries ago. "The stone itself is of granite, much weather-beaten, and tinted with yellow lichen. The height from the base [modern masonry some 5 feet high] is 10 ft. 6 in., and the stone tapers slightly towards the top, where the width is 1 ft. 6½ in. All four sides have been covered with ornament . . . nearly all of that interlaced, twisted character which is generally held to be of Keltic origin, but which, supposing that to be the case, was certainly adopted by Teutonic and Scandinavian races who came in contact with the Kelts. . . . Each panel of the cross [it is but an upright stone, by the way] is different. . . . On the north-east side are two Siamese-like figures under a sort of canopy . . . much-defaced ornaments above their heads . . . and a figure on horseback in the uppermost panel" (*R. J. King*). It has been said that there were letters beneath the figures, but none are now visible. "In what manner the 'Copelanstan' was finished at the top is not certain." As the stone gave name to the estate, so the estate in time gave name to its possessors subsequent to those of the charter, by which it was conferred on the canons of Crediton. The Copplestones were of the oldest traditional Saxon Devon lineage, for

"Crocker, Cruwys, and Copplestone,  
When the Conqueror came were all at home."

The line continues through a more open but still wooded country to the next station, MORCHARD ROAD (15½m.). *Morchard Bishop* (Pop. 1473) lies about 2m. to the right. *Down St. Mary* is 1m. to the left. Neither calls for any further notice. *Coleridge*, 4m. W., has a good screen and other Perp. work, with a figure in armour. A woodier and more picturesque country succeeds, and continues on to the next stopping-place.

18½m. LAFORD. (Pop. 683.) This is a neat little village with an inn, encircled by hills.

The delightful valley of the Taw is then entered, bounded by steep hills, well wooded, and winding hither and thither, until it opens out somewhat, and the stately mansion of Lord Portsmouth is seen, half hidden by the branches, high on the left. This is—

EGGESFORD (21½m.; Pop. 157), a romantic spot, overhung with the most varied foliage of trees rising rank

above rank. The little ch. is on the left, but beyond ch. and mansion there is scant trace of population. Eggesford derives all its importance from the residence of its noble owner. Here the first meet for the season of Lord Portsmouth's hounds takes place; and sportsmen have their wants well catered for at the *Fox and Hounds*, hard by the station. The ch. is restored, and contains some interesting monuments. Eggesford House, though so near Eggesford ch., is really in the adjoining parish of Wembworthy, the ch. of which is 2m. from the station.

25m. SOUTH MOLTON ROAD. Before the Devon and Somerset Railway was opened, which brought the trains within a mile of South Molton, this was the station serving the borough, albeit some 9m. distant. Now, like Othello, South Molton Road finds pretty much of its occupation gone. It is, however, the most convenient station for the little market town of

*Chulmleigh* (Pop. 1560. Inn: *King's Arms*), which lies nearly midway on the road between Eggesford and South Molton Road, and which may be taken, if visited, to the best advantage in walking from one station to the other. Truth to tell, there is very little at Chulmleigh to attract the casual visitor, charming though the country is around. The ch. (rest.), however, contains a screen; and Leigh House and Colleton Barton are ancient manor-houses.

Risdon (following Westcote) makes Chulmleigh the scene of a notable history, believe it who list. The ch. was once collegiate, with seven prebends. This is how they came into being:—"One inhabitant of this toune, being a poore man, had many children, and thoughte himselfe too much blest in that kinde, wherefore, to avoid the charge that was likely to grow that waye, he absented himselfe seven years from his wife, when, returning, she was within one yere after delivered of seven male children at one byrth, whiche made the poore man think himself utterly undone, and, thereby dispaireing, put them into a baskett and hasteth to the river with intent to drowne; but Divine Providence following him, occasioned the lady of the land, coming at that instant in this way, to demand him what he carryed in his baskett, who replied that he had whelpes, which she desired to see, proposing to choose one of them, who, upon sight, discovering they were children, compelled him to acquaint her with the circumstance, whom when she had sharply rebuked for such his

inhumanity, forthwith commanded them to be taken from him and put to nurse; then to schole, and consequently, being come to man's estate, provided a prebendship for every of them in this parishe." This of course is only a Devonshire version of a legend that has several forms, the best known of which ascribes a like semi-miraculous origin to the Guelf family.

At South Molton Road there is the *Fortescue Arms Inn*. Just beyond the station the river Mole comes down on the right with a noble sweep round a wooded hill to join the Taw, the course of which, with little variation, the railway follows from beyond Eggesford to Barnstaple, crossing and recrossing again and again. At PORTSMOUTH ARMS (29m.), a mere roadside station, the nearest village to which is High Bickington (ch. rest.), the line seems shut in among the hills, and the Taw flows on to the left through a valley so deep and narrow as fairly to deserve the name of a ravine. It soon, however, returns upon its track, and thenceforth keeps the iron road the closest of company.

32½m. UMBERLEIGH. The name of this place, the ancient seat of the Devonshire Bassets, has been derived from *umbra*, and associated with the deep shade of its far-spreading woodlands. Be that as it may, Umberleigh is a lovely spot. Moreover, it has attractions for the antiquary and ecclesiologist as well as the lover of the picturesque. Two miles to the right is *Chittlehampton* (Pop. 310), and little over 1m. to the left is *Atherington* (Pop. 578). There is a little inn near the station.

Chittlehampton ch. (Perp.) has the most ornate tower in Devon, a tower displaying in the most marked manner those characteristics of rich and beautiful detail which distinguish the principal Perp. ch. towers of Somerset. It is in five stages, with crocketed buttresses, a quatrefoiled course at each stage, and surmounted by open-work battlements and elaborate pinnacles, the whole enriched by bold and graceful carving. This is the "beauty" of the tower trio referred to in the preceding section. In the ch. there are 15th century brasses for the Cobleigh family. The pulpit is ornamented with foliage and figures of saints.

Atherington ch. contains some of the finest screen-work in Devon, of oak, with very rich fan tracery, and an elaborate flowing cornice of foliage above the groining. Here, too, is a mutilated, cross-legged figure in a mailed

helmet and hauberk, brought from the chapel of the Holy Trinity at Umberleigh, which was pulled down in 1800. It probably represents the last Champernowne of Umberleigh, *temp.* Henry III. Note also the fine brass to Sir John Basset and his wives (1586).

There is only one other station between Umberleigh and Barnstaple, and that is CHAPELTON (35m.), a little roadside stopping-place which calls for no further notice. About 2m. from Barnstaple on the left is *Tawstock House*, with its tree-bordered lawn sloping down to the river, and its fine old ch. close by [Sect. VI.]; and not far beyond on the right, across the Taw, is the interesting ch. of *Bishop's Tawton* [Sect. VI.].

As we glide along the river-side into the station we have an excellent view of Barnstaple looking its best, with the tall tower of Trinity ch. and crooked spire of St. Mary's rising into prominence above the distant roofs and well-looking houses mingled with trees lining the river bank.

#### VI. BARNSTAPLE.

BARNSTAPLE. (Pop. 8918.) Hotels: *Fortescue, Golden Lion, King's Arms, Trevelyan Temperance*. There are several confectioners' shops for light refreshments, and a good old-fashioned eating-house at Gaydon's in Joy Street.

Barnstaple is well-built, busy, and attractive, the metropolis of North Devon, and worthy of its rank. It looks well from the distance, stretching along the E. bank of the Taw, and nearer acquaintance by no means dispels the charm. The Taw is crossed by a bridge founded some six centuries since. In the reign of Henry VIII., when begging letters were sent out for its reparation, the river was described as a "great, hugy, mighty, perylous, and dreadfull water, whereas salte water doth ebbe and flow foure tymes in the day and night!" The town has been claimed as the ancient Artavia; and though that assignment is doubtful, it is of vast antiquity. The original site was the angle between the Taw and its tributary the Yeo. Dominating the confluence stood the castle, and landward the town was defended by a wall, the course of which is still defined by Boutport Street = "about" port or town. Everything at Barnstaple except Artavia dates back to Athelstan. He repaired the walls, built the castle, chartered



the borough, empowered it to send representatives to the Anglo-Saxon Witenagemot. At least the burgesses said so as far back as the time of Edward III., though they confessed the charter had disappeared. Athelstan's doings at Barnstaple, therefore, have given rise to some controversy. Probably he did for Barum (the colloquial name) pretty much what he did for Exeter in the way of re-edification, but the story about the Witenagemot is wholly apocryphal. Walls and gates have disappeared, and of the castle but the mound and a few fragments of wall remain. Still Barnstaple was a burgh of note at the Conquest; and it has been represented in parliament continuously since 23rd Edward I. Its suffix—staple—shows that, whatever its foundations, it developed by trade. In the wars of the Parliament it saw some sharp fighting, being twice taken by the Cavaliers and twice by the Roundheads. The relics of an important exterior defence then constructed may be seen at Fort Hill. The town bears few marks of antiquity. With the castle and walls have disappeared the priory, founded by Judhael of Totnes, Barnstaple's Norman lord, and sundry other ecclesiastical edifices, leaving only the ch. of St. Mary and chantry of St. Anne. Penrose's almshouses in Litchdon Street, dating from 1627, are picturesque, consisting of a central building and wings connected by low cloisters, and good examples of local 17th century Gothic. On the quay stands a Merchant's Walk or Exchange, dating from the time of Queen Anne, surmounted by a stiff statue of that monarch, and thence named *Queen Anne's Walk*. Barnstaple depends upon its modern buildings mainly for its structural attractions; and nowhere in Devon, in proportion to size, has improvement made so liberal a mark. Churches, chapels, public offices, market-places, halls, bear testimony to the taste and liberality of the townsfolk, who seem, moreover, to lose no opportunity of adornment. Between the town and the river are two avenues of trees, one above and the other below the bridge, respectively known as the *North* and the *South Walk*. Adjoining the South Walk are gardens, called, after the donor, *Chanter's Green*, and extended by Mr. Rock, a native of the town. Adjoining the North Walk, what was a muddy inlet has been converted into a pleasure-ground surrounding a miniature lake, with a central island. At the approach to the town from the bridge there stands a clock-tower, with garden and fountain. The Guildhall

is modern, and contains a number of portraits of old corporators painted by Hudson, the master of Reynolds, who is *supposed* to have helped. The North Devon Infirmary is an important charity.

The parish ch. (rest.) is a spacious fabric of early 14th century date. Originally cruciform, with nave and chancel and N. tower corresponding to S. transept, it has from time to time been so enlarged by the addition of aisles that the tower is now included within the building. This tower is surmounted by a quaint spire of wood covered with lead, all askew, the result of the warping of the timbers southward by the solar heat. There are some good 17th century monuments, but architecturally the ch. is of little interest.

Worthy of notice is the chapel of St. Anne in the churchyard, which has long been used as the Grammar School. A portion of this edifice is evidently far older than the remainder, consisting of a quadrangular building with massive walls, pierced by plain, narrow window-slits, deeply splayed within. To this a quadrangular tower has been added, while windows of more imposing character have been inserted, and the fabric otherwise modified. The original building is suggested to be the chapel of an early Irish missionary, St. Suibine (the first dedication being to St. Sabine), "mentioned in the charter of Joel [de Totnes] to the priory of St. Mary Magdalene, and alluded to 'also, though not named, in the charter of confirmation given on the same occasion by William the Conqueror.' Be that as it may, the building is noteworthy and interesting. The ch. of the Holy Trinity is Perp., the tower dating from 1847, and the present body of the ch. from 1870 (White, architect). It stands in Newport, originally a distinct borough, but now a part of Barnstaple proper.

Lord Chancellor Fortescue, author of '*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*,' was a native of Barnstaple, and so also were Lord Audley, hero of Poitiers, Sir John Doddridge of the King's Bench, and Gay the fabulist.

On the N. side of the little river Yeo, which has a diminutive harbour estuary, the *Pill*, is the suburb, thence named, of *Pilton*. It had an ill repute in the days of the western weaving trade, for its manufactures of coarse "cottons" for linings gave rise to a denunciation which Westcote records: "Woe unto ye, Piltonians, who make cloth without wool!"

*Pilton Priory*, if tradition and the testimony of its seal may be trusted,—“*Hoc Athelstanus ago quod presens signat imago*,”—was founded by Athelstan. It was a Benedictine house, dedicated to the Virgin, but its importance by no means equalled its antiquity. The monastic buildings for the most part have long since disappeared; but the ch. remained intact until the civil wars of the commonwealth. The upper stages of the tower were then destroyed (the very doubtful tradition being that this was effected by Puritan cannonading from Fort Hill), and the northern and eastern parts of the ch. The tower was rebuilt 50 years later, but its basement still shows some good massive early work. The most interesting features of the ch. (partially rest.) are, however, in the interior. The pulpit is of stone, with an ancient arm of iron to hold an hour-glass. There are two fine Chichester tombs, that to Sir Robert containing five life-sized effigies. Two brasses, not otherwise noteworthy, bear date 1536 and 1540.

#### EXCURSIONS FROM BARNSTAPLE.

1. *Bishops Tawton* (Pop. 873) is reached by a pleasant walk or drive 2½m. along the E. bank of the Taw. The prettiest road for walking is by the South Walk, with its avenues, and so in continuation by the margin of the stream, as far as practicable. Not the least pleasant way of making the trip is by boat, especially when the tide is on the flow on a fine summer evening. The ch. here, on rest. in 1849, was found to contain various frescoes, including one of St. Christopher. They were covered up again. The tower is surmounted by a spire, and adjoining the ch. are some remains of the old episcopal residence, which group rather effectively.

Bishops Tawton has long been supposed the earliest seat of the *Saxon bishopric* of Devon. As its name indicates, it was indeed long an appendage to the see; but the single authority for its ever having been the seat of a bishopric is John Hooker, alias Vowel, of Exeter, who, in a list of the bishops of Devon down to 1583, states that “Werstanus was the first who fixed the episcopal chair at Tawton,” that he was consecrated in 905, died one year afterwards, and was succeeded by “Putta,” who also had his seat at Tawton, but was slain while journeying towards

Crediton, whence "Eadulphus," the next bishop, was "installed at Crediton anno 910." Hooker gives no authority. All earlier writers, however else they differ, name Crediton as the first seat of the see, even so far back as William of Malmesbury (*circa* 1120); all later writers who endorse Bishops Tawton evidently follow Hooker, on whose unsupported *ipse dixit* the whole fabric thus rests.

2. *Coddon Hill*, 3m. S., commands the finest prospect in the vicinity of Barnstaple. It is 623 feet in height, and from it the country may be surveyed for many miles around. Bishops Tawton lies at its foot, with the woods of Tawstock on the opposite side of the Taw, which is seen winding away by the quays of Barnstaple to the Channel—Lundy Island in the distance. E., a chain of hills of the most irregular outlines stretches far away, along the ridge of which a road winds to South Molton. The hill is steep, but the reward of the ascent is well worth the toil. As the hill is only  $\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond Bishops Tawton, the two may well be taken together.

3. *Landkey* ch. is  $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. [Sect. IV.].

4. *Marwood* ch.,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N., is a good Perp. edifice.

5. *Tawstock* ch. (rest.) should by all means be visited. It is but 3m. from Barnstaple, on the other side of the Taw. The ch. is cruciform, and consists of chancel, nave, N. and S. aisles, N. and S. transepts, central tower, and S. porch. It was originally E. Dec., but now contains both later Dec. work and Perp. windows. There is a very handsome 16th century screen, and an ancient pew has been sometimes erroneously called a confessional. The ch. is unusually well furnished with monuments. A mutilated, recumbent figure in oak is supposed to be a memorial of Thomasin, daughter of Sir W. Hankford. There are tombs and effigies of Frances Fitzwaren (1589); of her son William Bouchier (third Earl of Bath) and his wife (1623)—his effigy clad in armour; of Henry Bouchier, last Earl of Bath (a sarcophagus); and a white marble statue of Rachel, Countess of Bath, who died in 1681. Tawstock Park contains some very fine trees. The house is well situated, but modern and uninteresting architecturally. Only a 16th century gateway remains of the mansion of the Bouchiers.

6. There is communication every week-day by coach in the summer months between Barnstaple and Lynton. In the winter the coaches run three times a week only,—on

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday,—leaving Lynton in the morning and Barnstaple in the afternoon. In the summer there are both morning and afternoon conveyances from both places. The distance is 18m., but there is little *en route* to claim attention. The scenery in the valley of the Yeo is pretty; still the country as a rule is decidedly uninteresting, and it is not until within a couple of miles of Lynton that any adequate idea is afforded of the character of the scenery in the “Devonshire Switzerland.”

7. Pleasant short railway trips may be taken to *Swymbridge* [Sect. IV.], *Umberleigh* [Sect. V.], *Braunton* [Sect. VIII.], *Fremington* [Sect. IX.].

### Road Excursion.

#### VII. BARNSTAPLE TO ILFRACOMBE. (G.W.R.)

The communication of the Great Western Railway with Ilfracombe is by four horse-breaks, which run to and from the Barnstaple station three times a day in the summer months and once in the winter. Through tickets are issued from all stations booking to Barnstaple. *Fares from Barnstaple: (single) 4s.; (return) 6s.* The distance is 11m., which is covered in 1½h., and the ride in fine weather is very enjoyable, especially when the long descent to Ilfracombe gradually opens out the full range of the coast scenery. But before the end of the journey is by any means so nearly approached, there are the more distant views to enjoy—right away in front across the Channel the dim hills of Wales; to the left Barnstaple Bay and the cliffs stretching off to Hartland, with the long line of Lundy; in the nearer distance Baggy Point, Morthoe, and Woollacombe, of all which more anon; while to the right are valleys and woods, and the great hills above Combemartin.

### Railway Excursion.

#### VIII. BARNSTAPLE TO ILFRACOMBE. (S.W.R.)

Distance from Barnstaple.	Station.	Distance from Ilfracombe.	Distance from Barnstaple.	Station.	Distance from Ilfracombe.
5	Wrafton	10	12	Morthoe	3
6	Braunton	9	15	Ilfracombe	

*Time:*  $\frac{1}{2}$ h. *Fares:* (single) 3s., 2s., 1s., 2d.; (return) 5s., 3s.

This line is short, but interesting. From the North Devon Railway the branch crosses the Taw by a curved bridge to the station at Barnstaple, which is on the quay, close to Queen Anne's Walk. From the Quay station the railway skirts the river, through Pilton, and Ashford, and Heanton Punchardon, nearly all the way, until the first station, WRAFTON (5m.), is reached. Ere Wrafton is gained, however, fine views are opened, not only over the estuary of the Taw, but up that of the Torridge, with Appledore in full view, and beyond it a glimpse of the pretty town of Bideford. Then the low-lying sandy flats known as *Braunton Burrows* are seen, with the lighthouse on their verge, which pilots vessels over Barnstaple Bar into the safe anchorage that Taw and Torridge alike afford. But the character of the landscape soon changes.

6m. BRAUNTON. (Pop. 2114.)

This is a neat little village, lying partly on each side of the line. The *tower* on the hill above was erected in memory of the passing of the first Reform Bill—that of 1832. The *ch.* (rest.) is one of the most peculiar and interesting in the district. It is E. Eng. in the main, consisting of a chancel with S. aisle, a N. chapel, a nave of great width without aisles, and a tower at its N.W. corner. The windows, with the exception of a couple of lancets, are Perp. The tower is surmounted, as at Barnstaple and elsewhere in the district, by a leaded wooden spire. There is a Perp. screen. One of the bosses in the roof depicts a sow with her litter. It is recorded in the veracious history of the patron saint, St. Brannock, that he was engaged on

his mission work, when he was directed in a dream to build a ch. where he next saw the not very unusual sight of a pig and her farrows; and the boss is intended as a memorial. According to local legend, he obtained the timber from the forest which once occupied the site of Braunton Burrows, and had it drawn to the spot by reindeer! And who shall doubt the history when the ch. and the boss remain in witness on the one hand, and the submerged forest of the Bay, with the reindeer bones of Kent's Cavern and the Brixham caves on the other? The ch. contains some of the finest old oak benches in Devon, dated 1500, and elaborately carved; and there is much Jacobæan work in the pulpit, churchwardens' pew, and gallery. An unusually good brass hands down the "lively effigies" and name of Lady Elizabeth Bowcer, wife of Edward Chichester, who died 1544. There are the remains of several old chapels in the parish.

*Braunton Burrows* are about 2m. distant, and stretch from Saunton 4m. S. to the estuary of the united rivers Taw and Torridge, with the lighthouse near their southern end, and, hard by, the remains of the ancient chapel of St. Anne. The Burrows are a wild, waste tract of rolling sand-hills, blown up from the sea; not all barren by any means, for they are bound together by coarse grass, have a rich and peculiar flora, and yield to the entomologist some of his special prizes. The seaweed from which "laver" is made grows plentifully here.

Beyond Braunton the line enters a more hilly country, and winds through a succession of valleys, some bald and bare; with rocks peeping through the sward, and others masked in dense foliage; some narrow, shutting out all prospect, others opening on ravines trending to the coast, and yielding a flying glimpse of the sea with its foam-flecked rocky border, and perchance, if the atmosphere suits, of Lundy far away on the horizon.

12m. MORTHOE and LEE. The station is  $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. distant from Morthoe (Pop. 305), which lies seaward, on the hills whence the dreaded Morte Point juts sharply forth. From the charming bay of Lee, down the valley into which we get a peep as we continue on to Ilfracombe, the distance is about the same. There is an inn close to the station—the *Fortescue*; and at Morthoe itself is the *Chichester*. [See Sect. IX. for Morthoe and its district.]

The wildest scenery on the line lies between Morthoe

and the terminus. The railway runs along the side of the Slade valley [Sect. IX.], overlooking the reservoirs, and at length ends abruptly on the extremity of a hill spur, high above Ilfracombe, with the jagged outline of the Torrs on the one hand, fair terraces ranging up the gentler hills on the other, and the harbour and its surroundings far below.

## IX. ILFRACOMBE.

As the most prominent and frequented watering-place in North Devon, Ilfracombe has claims to be treated *per se*. It is, with a difference, the Torquay of the northern coast. Not so large indeed, for its population is barely 6000, but with natural attractions not less in interest, though varying in kind; and with a climate unsurpassed for mildness and equability, averaging some 52·5° for the whole year, rarely falling below the freezing point in winter, and free from excessive heat in summer. The healthiness of Ilfracombe has found expression in the local saying, "You may live as long as you like in 'Combe; you must leave the parish to die;" but two memorial stones on the S. chancel aisle wall of the parish ch. record the names of eight reputed centenarians, who died in defiance of the proverb, and one of whom, Sarah Williams by name, is credited with having reached 107. There is a sort of "Go thou and do likewise" air about this stony record that is very amusing—its advertising character is so very apparent, and Ilfracombe is so very proud of its cluster of "oldest inhabitants."

There is ample accommodation for visitors; private lodgings in abundance, and a host of hotels, including the *Ilfracombe*, with its 200 apartments, *Royal Clarence*, *Britannia*, *Pier*, *Queen's*, *Victoria*, *Star*, with several good refreshment and boarding-houses, of which *Bailey's* in High Street, and *Gardiner's* and *Lewis's* in Fore Street, may be named. *Cab fares* are calculated at 1s. for one or two persons not exceeding a mile, for a one-horse vehicle, and 6d. for every half mile commenced afterwards; each additional passenger being charged 3d., irrespective of distance; half fares additional for carriages drawn by more than one horse. By time, in either case, 2s. 6d. an hour is charged, not exceeding four persons, with 1s. for every half hour commenced after the first hour. Fares for *wheel chairs* are reckoned at 8d. a mile (under half mile



6d.) or 1s. per hour. Boating forms one of the special occupations of Ilfracombe. *Row boats* are charged 10s. a day. For four persons per hour 1s. 6d., and 6d. extra for each additional passenger. *Sailing boats* are charged 2s. 6d. per hour for five passengers, and 6d. extra for each additional passenger. Fare for landing or embarking to or from vessels in the harbour, 3d. There is regular communication by *steam-boat* all the year round between Ilfracombe, Swansea, Bristol, and Padstow, and daily during the summer with Portishead; and in the season there are frequent steamer excursions to Lundy, Clovelly, and other parts of the coast. Fares from Swansea to Ilfracombe: (single) 6s., 4s.; (return) 8s., 6s.

It matters little how you approach Ilfracombe by land, for it always seems to look its best. You must descend upon it from the high ground to the S., and you must see the fine curve of the combe as it sweeps round under shelter of the rocky Torrs, within the broken ridge which makes a final effort upwards in the Capstone and Lantern Hills, down to the snug little pier harbour. Before Ilfracombe became fashionable it was content to be but one long street—the ch. at one end and the pier at the other. Now the whole valley is filled with houses; the landward hill is scarped into terraces, the seaward dotted with villas; and looking down upon a scene so full of the newer life of the 19th century, we are apt to forget that we have before us a place of respectable antiquity, which sent six ships to the siege of Calais against Liverpool's one, which saw some fighting in the wars of the Commonwealth, and which has had so many names in its time that one is puzzled to know whether, with due respect to the past, to call it Alfreincome, or Alfrincome, or Hilfrincome, or Ilfridcombe, or Ilfordcombe, or Ilfracombe, and to settle what either or any of them may mean.

There is, however, one very interesting relic of these early days in the little chapel of St. Nicholas, on the top of the peaked Lantern Hill, in mediæval times both ch. and beacon, and still retaining so much of its ancient uses as to hold the harbour light.

Camden, the famous antiquary, held the prebend of Ilfracombe from 1589 until his death in 1628; and near the town was born, in the earlier part of the 14th century, one of the pioneers of the Reformation, John Cutcliffe, "Johannes de Rupecissa." His efforts at re-

formation caused him to be cited before the Pope at Avignon and cast into prison.

The chief promenade of Ilfracombe is the *Capstone Parade*. Capstone (or Capstan) Hill is a bold, bluff, craggy eminence, 181 feet high, round the base of which a terrace walk has been hewn in the slate rock, while other walks lead to the summit. The lower terrace is the Parade. The coast views are very fine, particularly that to the eastward, which takes in the old-world-looking Lantern Hill, and beyond it the noble headland of Helesborough, with its black cliffs towering up 447 feet, and its jagged fringe of rocks. From the top of Capstone Hill there is a charming view of Ilfracombe. *Lantern Hill* is another favourite resort, and immediately beneath it is the *Promenade Pier*, built by the lord of the manor, Sir Bouchier Palk Wrey, who 50 years ago extended the old pier, originally erected centuries since by his ancestors. A charge is made for admission to the new Promenade Pier and Lantern Hill of a penny each time of entry. Day tickets cost 2d. ; weekly, 1s. ; monthly, 2s. 6d. ; season, 5s. ; whilst annual tickets may be had for families for 12s. 6d.

*Helesborough* is the best point of vantage near Ilfracombe. Between it and the harbour is a secluded little inlet known as *Rapparee Cove*, one of the bathing stations. Take the path in front of Lastone Terrace and cross the fields in continuation. On the summit of the headland are remains of the old earthwork whence comes the "borough" in its name, and nestling close beneath its shelter lies the little hamlet of Hele, whence this "bury" is denominated. From Helesborough the Channel is seen for many a mile, right away beyond Lundy to the W. ; jutting point after point to the Foreland beyond Lynmouth on the E. ; and far to the N., across the oft-empurpled sea, the hills of Wales.

At the other end of the town are the *Torrs Walks*. The ridge called the Torrs is broken in curiously-serrated fashion by a series of projecting crags of slate, the upturned edges of the highly-inclined strata. It is extended eastward by the lower range of the *Runnacleaves*. Along the spine of the Runnacleaves, continuing up to the Torrs in winding paths and zigzags, run the Torrs Walks, for admission to which a toll of 1d. is charged. These command wide and varied views over the town and far away to

seaward. A path by Torr Point leads down into a charming little cove known as *White Pebble Bay*, one of the many secluded bathing places which are such a feature of Ilfracombe.

The chief bathing coves, which are specially set apart for this purpose, are, however, on the sea front of the Runnacleaves at *Crewkhorn*. They are approached by tunnels pierced in the rock: the beach on the left being appropriated to gentlemen, and that on the right to ladies, for whose special accommodation a large bathing pool has been constructed. This "deeply-sheltered cove of exquisite beauty," as it has been termed, has certainly singular charms. The cliffs are bold, the rocks notched and peaked in most picturesque fashion, and the beach as "clean and comfortable" as the most fastidious can desire.

The old *parish ch.* stands high up the combe, overlooking the modern town as it did the ancient village. The font carries us back to Nor. times, while the tower and the piers and arches of the nave are E. Eng. Early in the 14th century the ch. was enlarged and the present chancel built. Like most of its companions, it underwent restoration in the Perp. period. It has of late years been rest. again, the S. aisle rebuilt, new Geo. tracery (Hayward, architect) placed in the E. window, and several stained glass windows inserted by Hardman, Lavers and Barraud, Ballantine, O'Connor, and Willemet. The most curious features of the ch. are the grotesque and monster-bearing nave corbels. The tower, in consequence of the successive enlargements, is now included in the N. aisle, with peculiar effect.

The *new ch.* of Sts. Philip and James (cons. 1857) is a handsome example of Dec. (Hayward, architect), at the other end of the town near the harbour.

#### EXCURSIONS FROM ILFRACOMBE.

The shorter walks may very well be left to the visitor's own explorations, for every road has its own features of interest. The more notable points only are indicated below.

1. *Lee* (3m.). The coach road is by the Slade valley below the railroad, pleasant enough in its way, but by no means to be compared with the coast path. This is gained by passing the parish ch., taking the lane to Langleigh, and so over the hill to Lee Bay. The scenery here is bold,

and the village, in spite of the march of improvement, retains its natural charms. There is a modern ch., which contains some 16th and 17th century carved oak—domestic work, collected in the neighbourhood. Cab fare for four to Lee Beach and back, remaining one hour, 6s.

2. *Morthoe* (6m.). The wise and sturdy pedestrian, if time permit, will continue on to Morthoe by the cliffs from Lee (6m.). If he drives (fare for four, remaining two hours, 8s.) he will take the Braunton road and turn to the right at the 2m. cross road, or the Slade valley and turn right at Morthoe station. The railway route to Morthoe station is of course the third alternative. Any way, Morthoe is a place to be visited. The village lies just within the headland that bears its dreaded name—*Morte Point*—the “promontory of death”—a sheer “chaos of rock ridges . . . earth’s bareworn ribs and joints peeping out through every field and down ;” the place, if the local proverb be true, which “God made last and the devil will take first ;” the one unfinished corner of Devon, where the naked crags seem to quake and shiver as the winter surges boom and the winter wind whistles eerily by ; whose native gauntness and grimness neither spring nor summer have power to soften, much less to tame. Near the end of the Point is a cromlech, and out at sea is the *Morte Stone*, a huge fang which has pierced many a gallant ship. There is a saying current that Morte Stone is not a fixture, but that it is amenable to the persuasion of such good wives as have given proof that the “grey mare is the better horse.” That it still holds its place would therefore be a thing to ponder, were not Westcote’s version of the ancient saw that the stone is not to be moved except by a man who is his wife’s master. The view from the Point is intercepted immediately on the left beyond Woollacombe Sands by the bold headland of Baggy, but further seaward it extends over the wide expanse of Barnstaple Bay to the iron-bound shore of Hartland. Under Morte to the right is *Rockham Bay*, which well deserves its title. A path leads down to the beach. *Woollacombe Sands* stretch along the bottom of Morte Bay for well nigh 3m., firm and broad. *Barri-cane Beach*, near Morthoe, is chiefly composed of fragments of shells, but here and on Woollacombe Sands the conchologist may often reap a notable harvest.

*Morthoe ch.* (rest.) has several claims to notice. It is mainly E. Eng., but in part may be earlier, and indeed is

said to have been built by Sir William Tracy, joint murderer of Becket, for which deed he and his descendants were doomed to have the wind for ever in their faces. There does not appear to be any real foundation for the belief that the ch. was erected by him. Certain it is, however, that the Tracys held lands in the parish at that time, and there is a tomb in the ch. which has been regarded as his place of sepulture. This tomb and the ancient bench ends are the chief details of note. The top of the tomb bears the incised figure of a priest, and the remains of an inscription in Nor. French, setting forth that it is the memorial of "Syr Wiliame de Tracey," and praying that God on his soul may have mercy. The sides of the tomb are sculptured in shields of arms, figures of saints, and a representation of the crucifixion, with traceried panels of early Dec. character. It has been assumed that the top of the tomb belonged to a memorial of the Becket Tracy, and the other portions to William Tracy, rector of Morthoe, who founded the chantry wherein it stands in 1322. The probability is that the tomb belongs to the rector only, as the figure indicates. The error has apparently arisen from the use of the prefix "Sir," but this was a title commonly given to clergymen of parishes in the Middle Ages. The tradition that connects the tomb with the murderer of Becket is, however, a very old one, for Westcote, writing some two centuries and a half since, says that his body rested therein, "until some ill-affected persons, seeking for treasure, but disappointed thereof, stole the leaden sheets he lay in, leaving him in danger of taking cold!"

3. *Georgeham and Croyde.* The route may be continued from Woollacombe Sands on to Baggy Point, and thence back by Croyde Bay, Croyde, and Georgeham. The latter village (Pop. 716) is  $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Morthoe Station (3m. from Braunton), and 7m. from Ilfracombe. It is prettily situated among wooded hills. The ch. contains the effigy of a crusader, one of the St. Aubyns. Croyde is a pleasant sea-side village, with excellent bathing accommodation, and some lodging-houses. It has obtained some notoriety among archæologists from having yielded large quantities of flint implements, as well as of the refuse flakes and cores, so that it appears to have been the site of one of the earliest manufactories of the county.

4. *Westdown ch.* (rest.),  $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Ilfracombe, chiefly E. Eng., has a peculiar roof to the N. transept; and a tomb

with wooden effigy to Chief Baron Stowford, *temp* Edward III.

5. *Braunton*, 8m. [Sect. VII.]. Cab fare for four from Ilfracombe, remaining one hour, 9s. Westdown can be taken on the way in driving. The railway route is of course the easiest.

6. *Sampson's Caves*, 2m. These are on the right of Rillage Point, the headland E. of Helesborough. A path on the eastern slope of Helesborough leads to the hamlet of Hele, or it may be reached by the main road from Ilfracombe. From Hele continue on the cliff road towards Combemartin. On the top of the hill beyond Hele a path (left) leads to Rillage Point and the caves, which are commonly shown by a guide. The rocks here are picturesque.

7. *Watermouth and Smallmouth Caves*, 2½m. Take the same road as in the last excursion (the two may very well be combined), and continue on to Watermouth [Sect. III.]. Go over the little bridge in front of the castle left of the road, and cross the rugged ground at the head of the long, narrow inlet. Piercing the rocky breakwater are the Smallmouth Caves. The first is "a great natural tunnel . . . in the solid rock. The roof is nearly horizontal, but the sides spring out into angular groins and projecting buttresses. The interior of this archway is as dark as night. The prospect beheld through this cavern is a lovely one, and reminds the beholder of a sunny picture set in an ample black frame. His eye ranges across the beautiful bay of Combemartin—on the opposite side are the red cliffs of the Hangman, softened and mellowed in the distance. If the visitor now retraces his steps and, crossing the cove, examines the rock on the opposite side, he will find a long and narrow perpendicular fissure. After pursuing this gallery for a score of yards or so, he finds himself in an area open to the sky. . . . On either hand is another natural archway; that to the right resembles the one just described, and looks out upon the same scene. The one to the left ends in the bottom of a deep circular pit, whose precipitous sides are fringed with matted brambles" (*Gosse*). Cab fare for four to Watermouth and back, remaining 1h., 5s.

8. *Berrynarbor*. (Pop. 751.) 3m. This is by the direct road, that on right at Hele, but the cliff route by Watermouth is the pleasantest, though longer. Berrynarbor

is noted as the birthplace of the famous Bishop Jewell. The ch. is of much interest. The font and an arch are Nor.; the chancel E. Eng.; the nave probably of much the same date. The tower has Dec. characters, and the S. aisle is Perp. Near the ch. is an old Edwardian house. The churchyard contains a couple of ancient yews.

9. *Combemartin*, 6m. through Berrynarbor. The two places may very well be taken together. [For Combemartin see Sect. III.] Cab fare for four to Combemartin and back, remaining 1h., 7s.

### Railway Excursion.

#### X. BARNSTAPLE TO BIDEFORD AND TORRINGTON.

Distance from Barnstaple.	Station.	Distance from Torrington.	Distance from Barnstaple.	Station.	Distance from Torrington.
3	Fremington	11	9	Bideford	5
6½	Instow	7½	14	Torrington	

*Time:* ½h. *Fares:* (*single*) 2s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 1s. 2d.; (*return*) 3s. 9d., 2s. 8d.

From Barnstaple almost all the way to Torrington the line follows very closely the course, first of the Taw and then of the Torridge—down by the estuary of the one and up by the estuary of the other. The estuary of the Taw is of considerable width, broken at low water by extensive sandy flats, and bordered next the railway by marshy meadows, protected by embankments. Concerning portions of these latter, it is said that they were thrown up in the last century by soldiers stationed at Barnstaple under the command of the then Sir Bouchier Wrey. The Corporation of Barnstaple complained to head-quarters, and the War Office “came down” upon Sir Bouchier, who, however, put matters straight by explaining that he was teaching the men “practical engineering!”

3m. **FREMINGTON.** (Pop. 1324.) This may be termed the port of Barnstaple. There are quays and a dock, and a considerable coasting and import trade is carried on. A mile beyond the station there is a good view down the estuary to the Bar and Bay. The ch. (14th century) has been rest. by Sir Gilbert Scott.

6½m. **INSTOW** (= John's Stow, Pop. 647). Hotel: *Marine*. A neat little watering-place on the Torridge,

and the station for Appledore, to which there is a ferry across the river. *Appledore* (= apple tree) is a busy fishing and shipping town immediately at the junction of the two rivers, the outport of Bideford, quaint in its look, and with an "ancient," not to say "fish-like," smell. It had its rise in the early days of the Newfoundland trade.

9m. BIDEFORD. (Pop. 6969.) Hotels: *Tanton's, New Inn, Newfoundland. Friendship's* and *Rowe's* are good houses of the Temperance class.

Kingsley has once for all described "the little white town of Bideford, which slopes upwards from its broad tide-river paved with yellow sands, and many-arched old bridge where salmon wait for autumn floods, towards the pleasant upland on the W. Above the town the hills close in, cushioned with deep oak woods, through which juts here and there a crag of fern-fringed slate; below they lower and open more and more in softly-rounded knolls and fertile squares of red and green, till they sink into the wide expanse of hazy flats, rich salt marshes, and rolling sand-hills, where Torridge joins her sister Taw, and both together flow quietly towards the broad surges of the bar, and the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic swell."

Bideford is said to mean "By-the-Ford"—the ford in question being that by which the Roman trackway crossed the Torridge, within sight of the bridge which did away with the need for fording. The bridge is the most characteristic feature and institution of the town, five centuries old and more, though of late sadly modernized. In Devonshire it is the bridge of bridges, at least to a true Bideford man. Its origin is supernatural, for no foundation could be found until Sir Richard Gurney, parish priest, dreamt where it should be planted; its history is romantic, for it is "the very omphalos, cynosure, and soul around which the town, as a body, has organized itself;" its demeanour is philanthropic, "being first an inspired bridge, a soul-saving bridge, an alms-giving bridge, an educational bridge, and last, but not least, a dinner-giving bridge." For the how and the why of all this let the reader consult 'Westward Ho!' or, better still, pay Bideford a visit.

Bideford has its place in history. Long ere "the first Grenville, cousin of the Conqueror, returning from his conquest of S. Wales, drew round him trusty Saxon serfs, and free Norse rovers with their golden curls, and dark Silurian Britons from the Swansea shore," and established



that connection between Bideford and the Grenvilles which endured nigh seven centuries,—long indeed before Bideford was Bideford at all,—here did the men of Devon defeat *Hubba* the Dane and take the “Raven” standard. A thousand years ago did the *Hubbastow* by the Torridge take name as the place of the viking's burial; and even yet is the spot where the final stand of the Norsemen was made known by the name of the Bloody Corner. But the great glory of Bideford is Elizabethan. It ranks second to Plymouth only in its deeds of daring on the Spanish Main. Hence sailed the famous Grenville, who fought that terrible fight off Flores, alone and unaided in the *Revenge*, with but 100 men all told, against the whole Spanish fleet of 53 sail and 10,000 men. As Tennyson finely sings in the ‘Nineteenth Century’ :—

“ He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,  
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,  
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.  
‘ Shall we fight or shall we fly ?  
Good Sir Richard, let us know ;  
For to fight is but to die !  
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.’  
And Sir Richard said again, ‘ We be all good Englishmen ;  
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,  
For I never turned my back on Don or Devil yet.’

And the sun went down and the stars came out far over the  
summer sea,  
But never for a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-  
three.  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, these high-built galleons  
came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle thunder  
and flame ;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, then back with her dead  
and her shame.  
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight  
us no more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before ?

And the night went down and the sun smiled out far over the  
summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a  
ring ;  
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still  
could sting ;  
So they watched what the end would be.”

The end was not distant. "All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slain and the most part of the rest hurt . . . the masts all beaten ouer board, all her tackle cut asunder, her vpper worke altogether rased, and in effect euened shew was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ship;" pierced through with "eight hundred shot of great artillerie." Wounded to the death, Sir Richard gave command—

"Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!  
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

But the crew overruled the gunner, and yielded on good terms. Grenville was conveyed on board the admiral's ship, and the other English honourably entreated, while the *Revenge*, filled with Spanish wounded, sank immediately thereafter with all hands. Three days after Grenville died, with the noble farewell, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind: for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his countrey, queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his dutie as he was bound to do." Brave words, spoken in the Spanish tongue that all his captors might hear. Sir Richard never lacked Bideford men to follow him against the Spaniards; but his grandson, *Sir Bevil*, "handsomest and most gallant of his generation," found the townsfolk more sturdy than Royalist. The fort which the Parliamentary forces under Major-General Chudleigh reared "East-the-water" still remains fairly intact. In the last half of the century, however, commerce paid for all. London and Topsham alone excepted, Bideford had the greatest trade to Newfoundland, and the burghers were "bolstered and blocked out of their own houses by the stock-fish casks which filled cellar, parlour, and attic." It is one of the most peculiar and unsatisfactory features of Bidefordian history, that the three last *witches* executed in England, who confessed, moreover, the justice of their sentence, were three poor old Bideford women—Mary Trembles, Temperance Loyd, and Susannah Edwards, done to death at Exeter in 1682.

Bideford *ch.* is modern (Ashworth, architect) save the

tower, which has an early window opening into the nave. The body of the ch. is Perp. of the local type. The E. window is by Gibbs, the tower window by Wailes, and other windows are also filled with stained glass. The font is Nor., with cable moulding. There is a fine tomb with effigy in plate armour to Thomas Graynfyld, 1514. The old ch. had once been cruciform, but had been thoroughly "deformed." Hervey of the 'Meditations' was curate here, 1739—1744. Shebbeare, who wrote 'Chrysal,' was a Bideford man; but a far more famous worthy is Edward Capern, the postman poet, the Devonshire Burns.

There are mines of anthracite or culm here, which have been worked of late for the manufacture of black paint.

#### EXCURSIONS FROM BIDEFORD.

Bideford is a good centre for excursions and walks. The best view of the town is from *Chudleigh Fort*, noted above, East-the-water.

1. *Westward Ho!* 2½ m. from Bideford (busses for Westward Ho! meet the chief trains at Bideford station)—it *was* to have had a railway—owes its existence to the creative pen of Kingsley. When he wrote his stirring record of the lives of the Elizabethan heroes who gathered round Bideford as their home, he made the place famous from one end of the kingdom to the other; and every summer brings its swarm of visitors to see the country which nurtured such men as Richard Grenville, John Oxenham, Amyas Leigh, and Salvation Yeo. For their behoof a new town sprung into being. The Torridge and the Taw, flowing in sisterly embrace into Bideford Bay, divide Northam Burrows from Branton Burrows—those open ranges of turfen flat and sand-hill which had their origin in the silting up of the estuary. Northam Burrows alone are 900 acres in extent, protected against the sea, but not so certainly as of yore, by the noted *Pebble Ridge*, which is 2 m. long, 40 feet wide, and 20 feet deep. The Burrows are the property of the householders, otherwise "pot-wallopers," of *Northam*. On the W. these Burrows are hemmed in by rising, rugged ground, stretching up to the headland which bounds the bay; and where the hill and plain meet is the settlement of Westward Ho! with hotel, club-house, ch., and college, and a number of pretty villas and terraces—looking landward over the Burrows and

Pebble Ridge, and seaward over the shimmering sands and the wide reach of the bay, with Baggy Point in the distance and Lundy Island in the midway. If that is not enough for content, the drives along the hill-side will open still wider prospects, and the cliff line may be followed by the sturdy-limbed for mile after mile; or those who seek their pleasure nearer home may find many a cosy nook among the rocks and ferns, wherein to nestle snugly and dream the hours away in the careless fashion of the Lotos-eaters. Westward Ho! possesses exceptional advantages for bathing; and the Burrows are remarkable as being the scene of the operations of the most flourishing English golf club. They are just the "links," in short, where this fine old Scotch game thrives at home.

Westward Ho! has a ch. of its own, but is in the parish of Northam, the ch. of which (rest.) has a Dec. tower 96 feet to the top of the battlements. (Pop. of Northam 1966.) The drive to Westward Ho! is through Northam village; but there is a shorter and pleasant cut for walkers partly across fields.

2. *Appledore*,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m. [see *ante*]. This may be reached through Northam, or taken with Westward Ho! by crossing the Burrows. By boat from Bideford is a pleasant alternative.

3. *Wear Gifford*, 4 m. S. (Pop. 499), should be visited if possible; less for the sake of its little Perp. ch. than for that of the noble *hall* of the Fortescues hard by—noble not for its size, for it is but 33 feet by 19 feet, but because of its roof. The hall forms the central portion of the ancient manor-house, and its roof is one of the very choicest examples of Perp. wood-work in England. The trusses are hammer-beam and spring from stone corbels, and the carving is of the most elaborate and spirited kind, including animals and foliage, and rich mouldings and traceries, whereon the time and skill of the cunning workman have been lavished without stint. The ch. (rest.) is Perp., with some curious corbels, a couple of 14th century effigies, and a notable Fortescue monument. Over the chancel door are the figures of two archers clothed in green stencilled on the plaster. The road follows pretty closely the course of the Torridge.

4. The ch. of *Horwood* (Pop. 118) is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m. E. The situation is beautiful; and the ch. contains a curious 15th century effigy, presumably that of a Pollard, with the

figures of three children in the folds of her robe, who had either died first or had quickly followed her to the grave. *Michael Joseph*, the Cornish blacksmith, who headed the insurrection of 1497, marched with his men through Horwood on his way to his defeat at Blackheath, and nailed one of the shoes of his horse to the ch. door. So runs the tradition, and the witness of the shoe has not long been lost.

5. See Sect. XI. for further hints.

14m. TORRINGTON. (Pop. 3529.) Hotel: *Globe*. There is a good story that a lady once told the late Bishop of Exeter that Torquay was very like Switzerland, and that Dr. Phillpotts immediately responded that doubtless she was right, though it had never struck him before. To be sure there was no sea in Switzerland, and there were no mountains at Torquay, but when these allowances were made the likeness was obvious! Now Torrington has been compared, as regards its situation, to Jerusalem. The suggestion is so far just that Torrington is, like its prototype, "set on a hill," and surrounded by deep ravines. The valley through which the Torridge flows, and in which the railway terminates, nearly 1m. from the town, is exceedingly picturesque, and exceptionally bold in character.

Torrington, sometimes Great and otherwise Cheping or Market Torrington, finds mention in Domesday, though, as the name occurs therein more than once, we cannot with certainty assign this special Torrington to the ownership of Githa, mother of Harold. Great natural strength early gave it importance. It was a market in Saxon days. A fortress was erected by its earliest Norman lords. And though in 1228 the sheriff of Devon was commanded to throw down the castle of Henry de Tracy, in little more than a century (1340) it was rebuilt by Richard de Merton. The importance of the borough is shown by its having returned members to parliament from 23 Edward I. to 45 Edward III.; but as in those days representatives had to be paid, the town was relieved of the burden at its own request. Ancient, however, as Torrington thus is, there are no antiquities. Of the *castle* little remains but the site, which commands a fine view, and traces of the moat. The keep is believed to have stood at what is now called Barley Grove. The castle chapel still stood up to 1780. In 1816 a monument was erected here to the heroes of Waterloo. The parish ch. was rebuilt in 1651, and restored in 1864; the present tower and steeple having replaced their curious

predecessors in 1830. There are several good modern stained windows, and a modern carved reredos. The 17th century reconstruction was rendered necessary by an incident of the Civil Wars. Digby successfully defended the town against a Parliamentary attack in 1643, but in February, 1646, Fairfax drove Hopton thence headlong. The Cavaliers had used the ch. as a magazine, and the Roundheads in the hurry of the attack unwittingly turned it into a prison. The powder exploded, the ch. and scores of houses were blown up, and hundreds of lives were sacrificed. Torrington has had two most eminent ministers—the one *Cardinal Wolsey*, and the other the great Independent, *John Howe*.

As a curious illustration of the mingling of "things old and new," it may be noted that while the entrenchments which Hopton threw up for the defence of Torrington against the Roundheads near Stevenstone are still plainly traceable, evidence has been afforded that his dispirited troops on their retreat into Cornwall were glad to take shelter in the old British camp of *Henbury Fort*, near Buckland Brewer, 5m. from Torrington and 7m. from Bideford. Tradition had marked this spot as the site of conflict; and not only have cannon-balls and small shot been found here, but a burial pit.

Torrington stands in an interesting district. Two miles W. is *Frithelstock* (Pop. 594), with the scanty ruins, E. Eng., of an Augustinian *priory* adjoining the ch. Wear Gifford is 3m. N.W. Five miles S. is *Potheridge*, where the great *Monk*, Duke of Albemarle, was born; though according to some authorities *Lancross*, 2m. S. of Bideford, had that honour.

Three miles N.W. is *Annery*, the birthplace of Bishop *Stapledon*, Lord High Treasurer to Edward II., who was murdered in Cheapside when the queen's party had the upper hand. Here too was the seat of Chief Justice *Hankford* (born in Bulkworthy parish), who has erroneously been made the hero of the myth concerning "Prince Hal" and his committal to prison for striking his worship on the Bench. Judge Hankford is also the central figure of another legend. Tired of life, he "bade his keeper shoot any man who, passing through the deer-park at night, should refuse to stand when challenged; and then, going down into that glen himself, and hiding himself beneath an oak, met willingly by his keeper's hand the death which his own

dared not inflict." At *Winscot*, in Great Torrington, *Tristram Risdon* was born, author of the 'Survey of Devon.' At *St. Giles* ch., 3m. E., is a brass to "Alyanora Pollard," wife of John Pollard, and daughter of John Coplestone (1430), with an example of a horned head-dress. There are 16th century brasses in *Monkleigh* ch., 3m. W., and a good altar tomb. (Pop. of *St. Giles*, 977; *Monkleigh*, 604.)

### Road Excursion.

#### XI. BIDEFORD TO CLOVELLY AND HARTLAND.

From Bideford to Hartland direct is 13m.; *via* Clovelly 15m.; Clovelly itself being 11m. A mail break starts from Bideford Quay for both Clovelly and Hartland every morning at 7.15, reaching Clovelly at 9 a.m. and Hartland a little before 10. Hartland is left on the return at 4 p.m., and Clovelly at 4.40; Bideford being reached at 6.35. Fares: single journey each way to either place, 3s.; return, 5s.; two return, 9s.; three return, 12s. The Bude coaches run every day during the summer months, and drop passengers for Clovelly at Clovelly Cross, 2m. from Clovelly; for Hartland at Hartland Cross, about 3m.

The road from Bideford to Hartland is excellent, and lies for the most part along a commanding ridge. On the right, a short distance out of Bideford, are the grounds of *Moreton Park* (Sir G. Stucley). Three miles on the road is the hamlet of *Ford*; and just beyond on the right is the entrance to *Portledge* (J. R. Pine Coffin, Esq.), the seat for many generations of the Coffin family, who find a place in the pages of 'Westward Ho!' On the left a road leads to *Alwington*, about  $\frac{3}{4}$ m. distant. *Alwington* ch. has some interest from the fact that its tower diminishes in a very rapid fashion, giving to the structure somewhat of a pyramidal appearance. [*Alwington*, Pop. 353, is 4m. from Bideford.]

Three and a half miles from Bideford is the hamlet of *Fairy Cross*, and from the top of the hill beyond a fine prospect opens over hill and valley, with the grim outlines of *Cosdon Beacon*, and *Yes Tor*, and other Dartmoor highlands in the distance. *Buckland Brewer* ch. is seen 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. [*Buckland* is 5m. from Bideford; Pop. 814.] There is a Nor. doorway; and the tower is lofty.

Five miles from Bideford is *Horns Cross*, another pretty hamlet; and here the road opens the coast line and commands Barnstaple Bay, with Baggy Point, and then Morte Stone far away across the glancing waters, and ere long the misty outline of Lundy; while the nearer shore stretches away point after point of wooded cliff to Gallantry Bower. Parkham village and ch. [6½m. from Bideford; Pop. 764] are next seen a short distance on the left, and directly ahead *Bucks* ch. (a little modern building embosomed in trees). The pedestrian will find his reward in turning to the right down a narrow lane to *Bucks Mill*, one of the most delightful coast ravines even in North Devon. He may either make his way on to Clovelly by the cliff route, or return to the main road up the valley by the little village at its head.

Before reaching this point he will have passed, however, an unpretending little roadside inn—the *Hoops*. This is the half-way house to Clovelly, and here tea as well as the ordinary run of refreshments may be had, and good, if humble, accommodation for a night.

*Woolfardisworthy*, commonly called and sometimes spelt (*teste* the directing posts) *Wolsery*, lies on the left, about 2m. from the main road. [From Bideford 9m.; Pop. 608.] The ch. is rest., with the exception of the tower.

Just beyond the 8m. stone on the right is the entrance to the *Hobby*. This is a grand drive through the woods and along the hill-sides, winding round point after point, down to Clovelly, not the least charm of which is its series of exquisite and ever-varying views. Now the road seems bosomed deep in woodlands far away from the sea, and then it emerges suddenly on the lofty brow of some tall cliff, hanging over the wild waste of waters. A pleasanter *Hobby* man never designed, and a more delightful 3m. to walk or drive it would not be easy to find. The *Hobby* was constructed by the late Sir J. H. Williams, and is private property, but open to the public. Pedestrians pay 2d. to pass through, and carriages are admitted on payment of 1s. The drive leads immediately to the head of the ravine in which Clovelly lies.

If pressed for time and taking advantage of the mail break, the best plan, however, will be to go on to Clovelly by that conveyance, and walk up through the *Hobby* to the main gate, which the vehicle passes a little after five on the return. Those who wish to visit Hartland as well



as Clovelly should continue on to Clovelly Cross, and there get out to inspect the huge entrenchments known as Clovelly Dykes, which occupy the angle between the two roads leading to Clovelly from the main road. They will have time enough to do this, if they are not too archæologically-minded, while the driver of the mall is taking his bags down to Clovelly and retracing his steps to continue on to Hartland. Then they can go on with him to Hartland, see the ch., and take a peep at the abbey, and if they are decent pedestrians walk back to Clovelly (about 6m.), make acquaintance with its manifold quaintnesses and beauties, and either take the conveyance there back to Bideford, or walk through the Hobby as already noted. But this course is only recommended to those who are compelled to pay merely a flying visit.

The road from Clovelly Cross to Hartland is pleasant enough, and gradually becomes wilder as the little town, which yet rejoices in a portreeve, and was once a market of considerable importance, is neared. The tower of the parish ch., 1½m. beyond Hartland, is seen long ere the town itself is reached, and a road branching off to the right leads to Hartland Point and Lighthouse, a rough walk by this route of between 6 and 7m. from Clovelly. By the cliffs it is not so much, but the road is still rougher. For the sake of those who do not go on to Hartland, we take the two places in due topographical order.

CLOVELLY. (Pop. 759.) Inns: *New Inn* and *Red Lion*. The most singular "town" on the most singular site in Devon. Take a range of cliffs 400 feet in height, scoop out therein a deep, narrow gully with sharply precipitous sides—a great cleft in the shaly rock with trees and undergrowth on either hand, a luxuriant wood at its head, and a shingly beach at its foot. Clothe the sides with verdure; carry a path so steep that it has to be wrought into steps down the centre from wood to sea; line that path with houses of all sorts, sizes, and conditions, without the smallest pretence to order or regularity—a hanging town whereof the foundations of one tier rise above the chimneys of its lower neighbour. Drop a rude pier and ruder lime-kiln by the beach to supply a commercial element. Adorn the "upper town" with myrtles and fuschias, geraniums and hydrangeas, in the most luxuriant growth and profusest bloom. Do all this; then hide the strange result within the recesses of the coast so closely that you cannot see it

until you come upon it. If your imagination will help you thus far, you will have gained a sort of skeleton idea of what Clovelly—the “cliff place,” as its name indicates—is like. But no such idea, no mere word painting, will set before the “mind’s eye” Clovelly in reality, in all its quaint, picturesque charms. The main “street,” impassable to any vehicle larger than a wheelbarrow, beyond the ordinary capacity of any quadruped bigger than a donkey, sends off here and there odd little alleys which dodge through the houses and disappear—alleys so narrow that a stalwart explorer might reasonably fear to enter them lest he should stick by the way. And by-and-bye the street itself, grown careless of its fate, contaminated by the evil example of its offshoots, dives beneath a house which bars its progress like a domestic gateway, trivariates within the recesses of the dwelling, and emerges on the other side split into three, to plunge downwards to the shore more recklessly than ever, with steeper gradients, and many a twist and turn. Clovelly is like nothing but Clovelly.

It has been deemed a Roman port, and its name derived, with more ingenuity than accuracy, from *Clausa vallis*—“the hidden glen.” A fragment of a paved road above the village has been regarded as Roman handiwork, and Clovelly Dikes as a Roman camp. And undoubtedly the Roman legionaries were familiar with this spot. It lay on their N. route to Cornwall, and Hartland has yielded undoubted evidence of Roman residence. But Clovelly in its essential features is not Roman at all, although its antiquity is clear.

#### EXCURSIONS FROM CLOVELLY.

1. *Clovelly Dikes*, or the Ditchens (2m. directly S.), “consist of three distinct and almost concentric entrenchments, each having its agger or embankment, or vallum and ditch; the embankment varying from 15 to 25 feet in height, and the bottom of the ditch being nearly level, and from 20 to 30 paces in width. The inner of these entrenchments is of nearly oblong form, and is 130 paces long and 100 in width at its northern extremity, tapering away to 75 only at its southern end. The outer circumvallation, embracing, of course, the other two in its circuit, is more than 400 yards from side to side, N. to S., and encloses above 20 acres of land. But this outer work, as also the

middle one, is of irregular form, being in some places straight, then with corners slightly rounded off, and so curvilinear in others that the somewhat oblong form the inner work bears becomes in the others entirely lost. The space intervening between the inner work or entrenchment and the second or middle one varies from 20 to 30, and in some few places extends to 35 or 40 paces, while the space between the second or middle embankment and the outer one is in certain parts nearly as wide as the former, but is in other portions more contracted. Beside these three almost perfect lines of circumvallation, there is on the E. side an extensive outwork, with double bank and fosse, the inner of its embankments being from 15 to 20 feet in height, with good wide ditch. . . . Again a little westward of the main encampment are two stupendous outworks of the same character" (*J. A. Parry*). There seem, moreover, to be traces that these so-called outworks were once more extensive, if they were not almost continuous, thus making the great camp to consist of four entrenchments instead of the present three. There is no evidence whatever that the dikes are of Roman origin, though the Romans may have occupied them. They are clearly British, and if Richard of Cirencester's *Artavia* ever had existence, here in all probability it was. The works are worthy of comparison with those of Maiden Castle, near Dorchester.

2. The grounds of *Clovelly Court*, immediately adjoining the village, are open on payment. At Yellery Gate 6d. is charged for each visitor if a "casual," but residents may compound for 1s. a week. The terms on which the Hobby is opened have been already given. It is perhaps right to explain that these fees go in aid of local charities. There is nothing of interest in *Clovelly Court* itself, a last century house; nor is *Clovelly ch.* particularly noteworthy, save for the fact that it contains a couple of Cary brasses, one to Robert Cary dated 1540. *Clovelly* was long the property of this family.

The visitor to the grounds will find his time best employed in skirting the cliff line—there are paths leading to the finest points of view—and wandering through the wild park-lands on to *Gallantry Bower*, the boldest headland on this range of coast, 387 feet in perpendicular height. The name, which occurs elsewhere in Devon, is probably a corruption of the Keltic title. *Bower* is pre-

sumably *veor* or *mawr*, "great." *Col-an-veor* in the old Kornu-Keltic would be "the great ridge." It is a very striking situation in the scenery, and presents some characteristic illustrations of stratification, which may be observed from the little "cabin" on the cliff while on the way thither. The walk may be continued from Gallantry Bower by the cliffs to Hartland Point, and should be by capable walkers.

Altogether Clovelly and its surroundings are worth far more than a merely flying visit. There are some good beach walks; it is the nearest "port" to Lundy; and it is frequently visited in the season by steamers from Ilfracombe. It may be reached on foot by the cliff path from Westward Ho!

**HARTLAND.** (Pop. of parish 1871.) Hotel: Hartland Town, *King's Arms*. Hartland "Town" lies very nearly in the centre of Hartland parish, which extends over 16,700 acres, and is bounded on two sides by the Atlantic. The "town" is a collection of tidy houses, grouped together in "higgledy piggledy" fashion, and possessing the ugliest chapel of ease in Devon. Its surroundings, however, are amply sufficient to make up for any want of urban attractions; and those who enjoy wild scenery may with advantage prolong their stay.

#### EXCURSIONS FROM HARTLAND.

1. No one should quit Hartland without visiting the parish ch. of *Stoke St. Nectan*, the "cathedral" of this "North country." It lies  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. by the main road to Hartland "Quay" from Hartland "Town;" but the pleasantest way is to turn to the left just beyond the chapel of ease already noted, and through a turnstile pass down into a narrow, winding valley, where oaks and ashes grow in remarkable luxuriance, considering the proximity of the sea. Follow along to the right until the high road is reached, then cross over the bridge to the left and keep straight on. Hartland Abbey (Sir G. Stucley) will be seen in the valley on the right, the continuation to the sea of that just passed; and then on the hill above the little village and ch. of Stoke, with the sea in the distance.

*Hartland Abbey* was originally founded by Githa, wife of Earl Godwin and mother of Harold, in honour of St. Nectan, for the preservation of her husband from ship-

wreck. It was established for secular canons, but Geoffrey de Dinant refounded it for Augustinian canons regular in the reign of Henry II. Frithelstock Priory was a dependency of Hartland. Great part of the ancient cloisters (E. Eng.) still remain worked into the basement of the modern residence.

The Stucleys or Stukeleys have played their part in the national history. It was Thomas Stucley who undertook the plantation of Florida, but failed for want of money, and "blushed not to tell Elizabeth to her face" he "preferred rather to be sovereign of a molehill than the highest subject to the greatest king in Christendom, and that he was assured he should be a prince before his death." Humouring his whim, Elizabeth rejoined, "I hope I shall hear from you when you are settled in your principality." "I will write unto you," quoth Stukeley. "In what language?" said the queen. "In the style of princes," returned he; "'to our dear sister.'" No one but a madman would have held such language to Elizabeth, and the poor fellow afterwards committed the unpardonable sin of those days, turned Roman Catholic, and died at Alcasar in Africa, fighting bravely by the side of King Sebastian, in 1578. It was a Stukeley, the miserable "Judas," who arrested Raleigh on his return from his last voyage: and half a century later Lewis Stukeley was a stout upholder in field and pulpit of Puritanism and the Commonwealth.

*Stoke St. Nectanch.* is remarkable not only for the regularity of its design, but for the fact that it has suffered less at the hands of "visitors" and churchwardens than almost any other in Devon. There is very good evidence indeed in the stone altar (ornamented with quatrefoils) still standing in its original place, and in the magnificent unmutilated rood screen, that it must have been overlooked when the commissioners of Edward and Elizabeth proceeded on their iconoclastic missions. Probably it owed this immunity to the remoteness of its situation. The ch. consists of chancel and aisles, nave and aisles, transeptal chapels, north and south porches, and west tower. It is late Dec. in style, with Perp. windows, and has been partially rest. Some old bench ends remain, and there is a quaintly sculptured font long anterior in date to the present building. The sedilia, piscina, and credence niche are worth noting. The screen, however, is the true glory of Stoke St. Nectan. It is early Perp., in perfect preservation, elaborately carved, with bold groining, and still

retaining considerable traces of its original wealth of gold and colour. There are three bays to each aisle, and five, including the entrance, to the chancel. The monuments are not very noteworthy. There is a small mural brass to Ann Abbott, 1610, and a brass tablet of arms to one of a family now extinct in the parish, the Doctons of Docton. The tower arch is bold and imposing. The tower itself with its pinnacles is 128 feet in height, and should by all means be ascended for the sake of the view, which, extensive as it is, does not reach, save at one point, beyond the limits of the parish. The stone work has been much corroded by the action of the sea air, and cavities in the interior will be noticed containing efflorescent deposits of carbonate of potash and phosphate of soda in considerable quantity. In the west face of the tower is a large figure of the patron saint, and in the churchyard still remains the base of the ancient cross.

2. Barely a mile from the ch. is *Hartland Quay*, a little fishing village furnished with a pretty pier. The rock scenery is good, and a pleasant if a rough walk may be had ~~over~~ the cliffs to the S. by *Milford* and its waterfalls on to Welcombe, where the coast of Devon ends and that of Cornwall begins. The return to Hartland may be made by an easier road. The total distance would be about 13m. *Welcombe* (Pop. 232) is 11m. from Stratton, the road to which lies through Kilkhampton, on the route taken by the coaches between Bideford and Bude. The ch. is small and uninteresting. Near here rise both the Torridge and the Tamar, the one flowing into the Bristol, and the other into the English Channel.

3. If instead of taking the cliff line S. from Hartland Quay that to the N. is chosen, less than 3m. brings one to Hartland Point, which is barely 4m. distant from Hartland Town. The cliff route of course is clear enough; but that across country is by no means easy to find, and the pedestrian must possess good legs indeed if he have not enough of Devonshire hills and lanes before he completes the round. It is a captivating walk from Hartland Point by the cliffs to Clovelly (6m.), passing through the grounds of Clovelly Court [See *ante*].

*Hartland Point* is a bold cliff 350 feet in height, named by Ptolemy after Hercules, who must have been a remarkably good voyager for his time if he reached thus far, and now surmounted by a fine lighthouse, which was inaugurated by the Bishop of Exeter in 1874.

## Sea Excursion.

### XII. LUNDY ISLAND.

Almost in the midway of the Bristol Channel, and nearly facing the centre of Barnstaple Bay, lies the "black-browed" island of Lundy, "sometimes invisible from the shore, but generally looming dim and mysterious, more or less shrouded in mists or capped with cloud reefs; occasionally standing out lofty, clear, and distinct, bright with varied hues of rock, fern, and heather"—a high table-land of granite, "surrounded by steep and occasionally perpendicular cliffs, storm-beaten, riven, and scarred over with grisly seams and clefts, and hollowed out here and there along the shore into fantastic coves and grottoes . . . the cliffs and adjacent sea alive with sea-birds, which dot every ledge and jutting rock, or hover around in clouds, filling the air with their discordant screams." Thus *Mr. J. R. Chanter*, in his admirable monograph of Lundy, which must be consulted for the fullest information.

It is only of late years that Lundy has fallen within the tourist track. The nearest point of the mainland is Hartland Head, from which it is distant  $11\frac{1}{2}$ m. The nearest port is Clovelly, about 15m. From Barnstaple Bar it is just 20m., and 24m. from Ilfracombe. In fine weather it may be easily approached by boat, but as there is no regular passenger communication, it is necessary to take advantage of casual voyages or hire specially. This has kept Lundy pretty much a *terra incognita*. For those who do not care to make the trip in a small craft or to go to the expense of an independent engagement, there are, however, frequent opportunities of visiting the island in summer, by excursion steamers from Ilfracombe and Barnstaple. The accommodation for casual residence on the island is small.

But Lundy is worth some sacrifices for the sake of its special features. Moreover, it has a history. The earliest known lords were the Mariscoes, who degenerated into a

race of "notable salt-water thieves," and made it the stronghold of piracy. After them it reverted to the Crown, and passed into various hands: the Despensers, Wyllingtons, Bryans, St. Legers, Grenvilles, and Levesons among the number. It is now the property and residence of W. Heaven, Esq., who purchased it in 1834. The Mariscoes are not the only people who have used its all but impregnable strength to help themselves to their neighbours' goods. It was a pirate haunt in the opening years of the 17th century, with a pirate king, and not long afterwards became the headquarters of a band of Moorish rovers, who were then accustomed to harry the coasts of Devon and Cornwall. And so year by year it kept its evil reputation, changing only from time to time the nationality of its robber chiefs, until, when the buccaneers were rooted out, it was formed into a military outpost, and fortified and garrisoned for Charles I. by one Thomas Bushell, who was engaged in working the silver mines at Combemartin. However, it did the king's service no advantage, and was surrendered without fighting, under the royal permission, to Richard Fiennes. Later in the century, pirates being old-fashioned, and buccaneers banished to the Spanish Main, Lundy was taken in hand by the privateers, and afforded convenient shelter to the French and Dutch, while they preyed upon the traffic in what they with reason named the "Golden Bay." In the reign of Queen Anne Lundy was actually held for some time as a quasi-French possession, but there are very good reasons for disbelieving the story which Grose tells of the stratagem by which they gained possession, pretending the need of burying their captain, and landing their arms in the otherwise empty coffin. This legend is not peculiar to Lundy. When not only piracy and buccaneering died out, but privateering had ended, Lundy found a lower deep for its fortunes. About the middle of the last century it was leased by a member of an old Bideford family named Benson. He contracted to take convicts to Virginia, but carried them instead to Lundy, which he had converted into a huge smuggling station, and there employed them about his own affairs. Lundy or Virginia was in his view all one; "they were out of the kingdom."

The island lies N. and S., and is somewhat over 3m. long by  $\frac{1}{2}$ m. wide, the circuit being reckoned at 9m. The highest point is near the southern end, and is 525 feet above the



sea. There the lighthouse stands, on Beacon Hill. At the northern end of the island the height is about 410 feet. The landing-place is at the S.E. corner, and from it a good carriage road winds up through a little valley to the plateau. The antiquities of the island are of much interest. Traces of ancient cultivation lie in all directions, a proof that the island was in old time well peopled. Pre-historic places of sepulture have also been discovered, including a couple of granite-built kists, one of which contained a skeleton 8 ft. 2 in. in length. There are the remains of several *round towers*, "carefully and strongly built with worked or selected stone, united not with lime mortar, but with a tenacious clay cement, probably hardened by fire" (*J. R. Chanter*). The most perfect is on the N. of the island, "just W. of Tippet's Hill." The ruins of the *castle* of the Mariscoes are still noteworthy, though the keep is converted into cottages. The walls are very massive. About  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. N. from the castle, on the highest point of the island, are the remains of the chapel of St. Helen.

With the exception of the S.E. corner, which is slate, Lundy consists of a boss of granite. This was worked for some time recently by the Lundy Granite Company, but the speculation did not pay, and was abandoned. Some of the cottages formerly used by the workmen are now occasionally occupied by visitors, who thus materially add to a population which under normal conditions does not reach 50. To its granitic character the island owes its most picturesque features. A rough stone fence known as the "half-way wall" divides Lundy transversely. Close by is the *Templar Rock*, which has the most perfect resemblance to a human face in profile, with peaked headgear. *The Mousetrap* is the name given to two blocks of granite, one tilted upon the other—a little beyond the "Brazen Ward"—an old battery erected by Bushell. The finest rock scenery on the island is at the N.W. point—"huge castellated masses of granite piled together in grand confusion, fringed with great insular rocks, bristling up amid the sea. . . . A promontory is pierced by a sort of tunnel 60 feet in height and about 800 feet in length, through which a boat can sail at high water. . . . a spring of fresh water rises in its centre, bubbling up through the sea water, called the *Virgin's Well*" (*J. R. Chanter*). Near the midway of the W. coast the rocks are cleft by

numerous fissures, some of which are worthy to be called chasms. These bear the name of the *Earthquake*, and have a very singular appearance. The larger clefts can be descended to a considerable depth. At the southern end of the island the cliffs are hollowed into numerous caves, one of which is the favourite haunt of seals. It is best visited by boat in calm weather, for the descent over the cliffs is dangerous, and the cave can only be reached by land at low-water spring tides. The dimensions are considerable. Not far off, at the S.W. corner of the island, is the *Shutter Rock*, familiar to all readers of 'Westward Ho!' It is a huge sea-beaten mass of granite, towering above the surges like some grim sentinel guarding the wild shore. The cliff hard by is pierced by a tremendous chasm known as the *Devil's Limekiln*. Nor, save that it is rudely square at the top, and that its dimensions are gigantic, is the name inappropriate; only it is 250 feet in upper width, and 350 feet in depth. It communicates with the sea by a couple of rugged tunnels, through which in calm weather and by the aid of a boat it may be entered.

The fauna of Lundy has many points of interest. Seals have already been noted. The black rat still exists, but has been nearly exterminated by the brown, which has only found its way to the island of late years. Sea-fowl of various kinds swarm in myriads, and the island has many rare migratory visitants. The great auk was last seen at Lundy about 40 years ago. The insect fauna is peculiar and rich. Of the minerals yielded by the granite, beryl, garnet, and rock-crystal are most notable.

### Railway Excursion.

#### XIII. YEOFORD TO HOLSWORTHY.

Distance from Yeoford.	Station.	Distance from Holsworthy.	Distance from Yeoford.	Station.	Distance from Holsworthy.
6½	Bow	28	23½	Ashbury	11
8	North Tawton	26½	27	Summerstown	7½
11	Sampford Courtenay	23½	30½	Dunsland Cross	4
14½	Okehampton	20	34½	Holsworthy	

*Time*: 1½h. *Fares*: (single) 6s. 8d., 4s. 10d., 2s. 10½d.; (return) 10s. 9d., 7s. 9d. *Refreshment Rooms*: Yeoford, Okehampton.

The line between Yeoford and Okehampton is fully described in the 'South Devon Guide.' The names of the stations and the leading facts respecting them are, however, repeated here to make the route consecutive and complete. The first station after leaving Yeoford [Sect. V.] is—

6½m. **BOW.** (Pop. 870.) A mere village, otherwise called *Nymet Tracey*. The ch. has a screen.

8m. **NORTH TAWTON.** (Pop. 2000.) Inns: *Gostwyck Arms, George*. Here is a large woollen manufactory. Ch. chiefly Perp., tower probably E. Eng.

11m. **SAMPFORD COURTENAY.** (Pop. 1095.) The ch. (Perp.) has a screen and high tower.

14½m. **OKEHAMPTON.** (Pop. 2081.) Inns: *White Hart, London, Fountain*. This is an ancient town in a lovely situation on the borders of Dartmoor. Within a short distance are the ruins of *Okehampton Castle*, cresting a bold hill in the rugged valley of the W. Ockment. It is the only castle in Devon which has a true keep, and was once a place of very great importance—the head of an honour of which 92 knights' fees were held.

Five miles from Okehampton is *Yes Tor*, the highest eminence in England S. of Cumberland, being 2050 feet high. *Cranmere Pool* may also be visited from Okehampton by following up the valley of the W. Ockment. This valley is the most picturesque route to Yes Tor, the view from which is magnificent.

The line to Holsworthy branches off from the main line of the South Western system to Plymouth and Devonport, a short distance S. of the *Meldon viaduct*, which is 3m. from Okehampton. There is no station at the junction, and Okehampton is therefore the point of departure for the branch. From Okehampton to the junction the line runs along the W. flank of Dartmoor, high above the valley of the W. Ockment, overlooking Okehampton Castle, and leaps the wild gorge at Meldon by a viaduct of iron 160 feet high. The junction is by an embankment  $\frac{1}{2}$ m. long and 54 feet in height, which is followed by a cutting of equal length, and 50 feet in depth. For the greater part of the distance between Meldon and Holsworthy the line passes over a rough and thinly-peopled country, which has very little to attract the summer visitor, but does command some extensive views. About 2m. from the junction the line rises to an elevation which overlooks a landscape stretching from Exmoor to far-off Brown Willy and Rowtor, the chief hills of Cornwall, and embracing the whole western range of Dartmoor, with the peaks of Cosdon, Yes Tor, Lynx Tor, Sourton Tor, and many another granite-crested hill and ridge. Save from Yes Tor or Cosdon themselves, there is hardly such another wide and varied panorama to be had in Devon.

23 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. ASHBURY. (Pop. 50.) Here is Ashbury House, the ancient seat of the Woolcombes (Archdeacon Woolcombe), in whose delightful grounds is the little fane of St. Mary, rebuilt on the plan of its venerable predecessor in 1871. Two miles distant is *North Lew* (Pop. 861), where there is a massive granite cross, not improbably of British date. The ch. was once elaborately fitted, and retains some of its ancient bench-ends. The Nor. font also still exists. Ashbury station is 5m. from Hatherleigh, which, however, is only 8m. from Okehampton by road. A coach runs between Hatherleigh and Okehampton every day in summer; three times a week in winter.

*Hatherleigh* (Pop. 1684; Inn: *George*) is an ancient market-town pleasantly situated on a feeder of the Torridge, of no particular note, the inhabitants whereof enjoy an unpleasant proverbial reputation.

"The people are poor  
As Hatherleigh moor."

*Maton* called it a "poor mean place," and could find

nothing better to note concerning it than that it gave birth to Jasper Mayne, dramatist and divine.

Rhyming tradition connects Hatherleigh with "time-honoured Lancaster," who is said to have executed a singularly laconic and straightforward conveyance (a model to modern property lawyers) of the moor aforesaid.

"I, John of Gaunt,  
Do give and do grant  
Hatherleigh Moor  
To Hatherleigh Poor  
For evermore."

Hatherleigh ought to have a better reputation, for it lies on an outlier of Trias, at the extremity of the tongue of New Red Sandstone which stretches away west from Crediton, and the red rocks of Devon furnish some of its most fertile soils. Hatherleigh ch. is a fair example of Perp., and contains some features of interest.

*N. Lew* has even a worse reputation than Hatherleigh, for it claims the distinction of being so bleak that "the devil died there from cold," a dogmatic assertion which proves the utter futility of putting any trust in these ancient legends.

Four miles N.W. of Hatherleigh is *Petrockstow*, the ch. of which (rebuilt, Gould, architect) contains a Nor. font, and a brass to Henry and Margaret Rolle, and their children. Of a total of 19, 10 sons and 8 daughters are shown with their parents on the memorial. In this parish is the deer-park of *Heanton Satchville*, the seat of Lord Clinton. The house is in the adjoining parish of Huish, which is 5m. N. of Hatherleigh. It is a modern building of no architectural interest.

*Huish ch.* is a very elegant E. Dec. building, rebuilt with the exception of the tower (Street, architect). It is beautifully fitted, and the whole of the windows are filled with stained glass by Clayton and Bell.

Petrockstow and Huish may both be taken conveniently in a walk from Torrington to Hatherleigh, or *vice versa*, of some 12m.

27m. SUMMERSTOWN. A decent little place in Halwell parish, said to owe its origin to the ill-directed enterprise of a gentleman named Summers, who sought in conjunction with a company to establish the breeding of silkworms on a gigantic scale, and did not find the result satisfactory.

The idea was not a new one, for so far back as the reign of James I. an attempt was made to plant the mulberry in various parts of Devon for the same purpose. Between this and the next station the line passes mainly over barren moorland, but for nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$ m. runs through the pretty sylvan scenery of Morcombe Wood.

Halwell ch. has been restored and enlarged. The ch. of *Beaworthy*, the adjoining parish, is E. Eng., chancel, nave, and tower (also rest.). Four miles from Summerstown station is *Black Torrington* (Pop. 997).

30 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. DUNSLAND CROSS. A mere roadside station. Cookbury, which it most nearly accommodates, has an E. Eng. ch. (rest.) and a pop. of 225.

34 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. HOLSWORTHY. (Pop. 1645.) Inns: *Stanhope Hotel*, *New Inn*. The terminal station here is entered over a masonry viaduct 150 yards long and nearly 90 feet high. Holsworthy is an old and a thriving town, but of no great interest to the tourist. As an agricultural centre it is of much importance, however, to the district. The ch. is spacious, with portions of every distinct period of Gothic, and with a lofty and well-proportioned tower visible for many miles around.

Holsworthy is almost on the borders of the county, being only 4m. from the Tamar, and just twice that distance from Stratton and Bude, to which it is the nearest point of railway approach. A canal runs from within 1m. of Holsworthy to Bude. Holsworthy, to follow the example of Fluellen, resembles Hampton Court in two particulars. The name of each begins with H, and each has a *labyrinth*. That at Holsworthy was planted by a former lord of the manor, Lord Stanhope, is of beech, and covers half an acre.

## Railway Excursion.

### XIV. LYDFORD TO LAUNCESTON.

Distance from Lydford.	Station.	Distance from Launceston.
4½	Coryton	7½
7½	Lifton	4½
12½	Launceston	

*Time:* ½h. *Fares:* (single) 2s. 5d., 1s. 9d., 1s.; (return) 4s. 3d., 3s. *To Lifton:* (single) 1s. 6d., 1s. 1d., 7½d.; (return) 2s. 6d., 1s. 10d.

Lydford is the point where the London and South Western line joins the Great Western branch railway from Plymouth to Launceston, being 23m. from Plymouth and 10m. from Okehampton. There is little in the 12m. between Lydford and Launceston, nearly 4m. of which are on the Cornish side of the Tamar, to call for notice, save from a picturesque point of view, in which respect the merits of the line are very high. At Lydford are the ruins of a castle and a waterfall, about 100 feet high, noticed at length in the 'South Devon Guide;' and immediately after leaving Lydford station the line runs along the edge of the bold ravine of the Lyd.

4½m. CORYTON. (Pop. 243.) The ch. is small, and devoid of interest. In *Kelly* ch., 3m. S.W., is some very old painted glass. This parish is the property and seat of the ancient family of Kelly, who have held it since the reign of Henry II. Three miles N. is *Stowford* ch., rest. by Sir G. Scott.

Rather more than midway between Coryton and Lifton, the next station, and close to the line on the left, is the quaint, many-gabled mansion of *Sydenham*, the Devonshire seat of the Tremaynes, and one of the most characteristic Tudor houses in the county, built on the E plan by Sir Thomas Wise, for the most part in the reign of Elizabeth. It had to stand a siege in the wars of the Commonwealth, being garrisoned for the king and taken by Col. Holbourn and his party of Roundheads in 1646. The house lies in a charming valley, surrounded by trees,

and is equally venerable and picturesque in appearance. There is some excellent contemporary wood-work, with much antique furniture and a number of good family portraits, many of female members of the Wise family, and including one of the gallant Royalist, Col. Arthur Tremayne, by whose marriage with Bridget Hatherleigh, granddaughter of the house-builder, Sydenham passed to its present owners. Two of the Tremaynes of the previous century, Nicholas and Andrew, twins, are said to have been so much alike as to be indistinguishable, to have had the closest sympathy of mind and body, and to have been slain together at Newhaven, in France, in 1564. Coryton is the best station from which to visit Sydenham, taking the road through *Maristow* (about 2½m.). Maristow ch. is interesting, seated on a hill, and containing the tomb and effigies of Sir Thomas Wise, his wife, and sundry of their children.

7½m. LIFTON. (Pop. 1519.) Here are extensive limestone quarries and manganese mines. Lifton Park, adjoining the village, is the seat of the Bradshaws. The house is seen backed by luxuriant woods on the right, just before crossing the Tamar and entering on Cornish territory. Lifton ch. has a lofty tower, and contains some noteworthy monuments. *Broadwoodwidger* ch., 5m. S.E., has some very fine old seating.

### Railway Excursion.

#### XV. EXETER TO TAUNTON.

Distance from Exeter	Station.	Distance from Taunton.	Distance from Exeter.	Station.	Distance from Taunton.
3½	Stoke Canon	27½	19½	Burlescombe	11½
7½	Silverton	23½	23½	Wellington	7
8½	Hele and Bradninch	22½	28½	Norton Fitzwarren	2
12½	Callompton	18½	30½	Taunton	
14½	Tiverton Junction	16			

*Time: ordinary trains average 1h. 25m.; express, 38m. Fares: (single) 6s. 9d., 5s. 2d., 2s. 6½d.; (return) 11s., 8s. Express (single) 7s. 6d., 5s. 2d; (return) 12s., 9s. Refreshment Rooms: Exeter, Taunton. The Exeter stations G. W. R. are St. David's and St. Thomas's; but all the up trains do not start from the latter.*

The course of the railway between Exeter and Taunton,



so far as Devonshire is concerned, may be described as thoroughly Devonian, with frequent hills, rich meadow lowlands, and here and there an abundance of trees. The Somersetshire portion is not quite so picturesque, but still possesses scenic features by no means to be despised.

On the right of the line as the train leaves Exeter, and running parallel to it for between 3 and 4m., is the road to Tiverton, which follows in the main the valley of the Exe. and affords the pedestrian one of the prettiest high road walks in Devon. A little over 1m. from St. David's is Cowley Bridge, a favourite stroll with the Exonians, where the Creedy, from the left, falls into the Exe. Not far beyond is the junction of the Culm with the Exe, from which point the line follows the Culm valley until near Tiverton Junction station. Both right and left of the line when the Culm valley is entered the hills are covered with woods; those on the left belonging in part to *Pyne*s, the family seat of Sir Stafford Northcote.

3½m. STOKES CANON. (Pop. 445.) This is merely a village with no special points of interest. Near here is *Brampford Speke*, named after the old Devonshire family from whom descended the well-known African explorer. The ch. has a Speke chantry. Stoke Canon and Brampford Speke (Pop. 479) are each 4m. from Exeter by road.

Beyond Stoke Canon the valley opens out, and the woods of *Killerton* (Sir T. Dyke Acland) are seen on the left.

7½m. SILVERTON. (Pop. 1288.) Near here is Silvertown Park, one of the seats of the Countess of Egremont. Silvertown House contains a good collection of portraits, including the portrait of himself which Reynolds painted for the corporation of Plympton when he was mayor there, and which that thrifty body sold for £150 when the town was disfranchised.

8½m. HELE. This spot has nothing noteworthy about it except its paper manufactories, which utilize the clear waters of the Culm. On the right is *Plymtree* (Pop. 432), which has a fair ch., with a screen and a statue of the Virgin and Child in a canopied niche in the tower. The Plymtree screen is very noteworthy, and has been made the subject of an interesting volume by the rector, the Rev. T. Mozley. The screen is a noble and perfect example of the characteristic Perpendicular woodwork of Devon, profusely carved, painted, and gilded; but its most striking feature is the fine array of 34 painted panels,

unsurpassed by any in the West of England. The figures are chiefly those of saints; but there is a group representing the Adoration of the Three Kings, and in this Mr. Mozley identifies the portraits of Henry VII., Prince Arthur, and Cardinal Morton, "the most remarkable Englishman of his period." "The artistic merit of these pictures is by no means contemptible . . . the representation of Cardinal Morton is the only picture extant which can be reasonably supposed to be even an attempted likeness . . . of Prince Arthur there only survive one or two likenesses." By all means should the ecclesiologist and antiquary therefore visit Plymtree. Still more distant is *Clisthydon* (Pop. 309). There is an inn at the station.

*Bradninch* lies 1m. to the left (Pop. 1914; Inn: *Castle*). This is an "ancient borough," situated partly on a hill, and with quite a town-like air about it. At the old rectory house Charles I. stayed for several nights in 1644 (his bedstead is preserved); and the ch. (late Perp.) contains a Perp. screen and a painting of the Crucifixion. According to tradition it was the duty of the Mayor of Exeter to hold the stirrup of the Mayor of Bradninch when the two worthies met.

12½m. CULLOMPTON. (Pop. 2967.) Hotels: *White Hart, Railway*. Between Hele and Cullompton stations the line traverses some of the prettiest parts of the valley of the Culm. On the right the bleak ridge of the Black Down Hills comes into view, contrasted with the verdant landscape closer at hand. Cullompton is a dull town of the one street order, with a few interesting Elizabethan houses, and with a very fine Perp. ch. This will repay a visit. The tower is at the W. end of the nave, lofty and well-proportioned, with a good deal of carved ornament yet remaining, though a bold relief of the Crucifixion in the lower stage of the W. front has been sadly mutilated. It was built in 1545. The screen is elaborately carved, and the roof of the chancel and nave is one of the richest in the county, every rib being curiously worked and feathered with leaf cresting. When the ch. was rest. (1849) some quaint frescoes were discovered. There yet remains part of the old oak Calvary, with skulls and bones, and the rood mortice. There are several modern windows.

The *Lane chapel*, or chantry, is the glory of Cullompton ch. It is a magnificently ornate example of florid Perp.,

built by John Lane, a wealthy Cullompton merchant, in the early part of the 16th century. The roof is a vaulting of the richest fan tracery, and figures are inserted in niches in the columns separating it from the S. aisle proper. Carved panels with ships, and merchants' marks, and foliage, and an inscription asking the prayers of the faithful for the founder and his wife, set in detached stones, enrich the exterior. The windows are of very large size, and the battlements are pierced with quatrefoils and otherwise ornamented. Altogether the chapel is one of the first examples of this period of Perp. to be found in the county. It forms an additional S. aisle.

*Bradninch* may be taken in a pleasant walk from Cullompton to Hele, 4m.

*Bradfield House* (Sir J. W. Walrond) lies N.E. It is a fine old 16th century hall, which has been carefully and well restored. The building was apparently begun about the commencement of the 16th century, and not completed until the end of the reign of Elizabeth, or early in that of the first James. The oldest part of the house is the hall, which is 44 feet by 21½, and which still retains its original roof. This is of oak, and has five principal trusses with moulded arched ribs. Two huge figures are painted on the wall over the dais, with the words "*Vivat E(dwardus) rex*" above them. The drawing-room, 34 feet by 20, is approached from the dais, contains an elaborately carved porch and chimney-piece, and has a very rich ceiling of Elizabethan character. The hall is panelled in wainscot. Bradfield is in Uffculme parish.

*Kentisbere* ch., 3½m. E. of Cullompton, retains its screen. The Whiting brass, 1529, was stolen hence in 1847.

14½m. TIVERTON JUNCTION. Inn: *The Railway*. Here two branches leave the main line: one to the left (5m.) for Tiverton; the other on the right, the Culm valley line, to Uffculme, Culmstock, and Hemyock [Sect. XVI.].

19½. TIVERTON (Pop. 10024.) Hotels: *Palmerston*, *Angel*, and several others. This is a very old town, which takes its Saxon name from its situation at the junction of two rivers, the Exe and Loman. Twyfordton = Twofordton. Like Cullompton, it was one of the chief seats of the ancient woollen trade of Devon, and it has now a very large lace manufactory, the property of Sir J. H. Amory, one of the representatives of the town in parliament. The

name of Tiverton has been made familiar from the fact that for many years it returned Lord Palmerston. Tiverton was once the domain of the powerful house of Redvers or Rivers, Earls of Devon, who built the castle early in the 12th century. Thence it passed to the ubiquitous but often luckless Courtenays; but the castle and other property has long been vested in the Carews. The *castle* has been the scene of an unusual amount of conflict. It changed hands in the wars of Stephen, and bore its share in the Wars of the Roses, while in the wars of the Commonwealth it was garrisoned for the king together with the ch., and taken by Fairfax. Bags of wool were used by the Cavaliers as an extra defence against the shot. A century since the remains of the castle were extensive and important, although the building had been long neglected. There is not much left now except the gateway, which merits attention as a characteristic and massive piece of work.

Among the more eminent natives of Tiverton are Cosway, R.A.; John Cross, a deaf and dumb artist of much merit; Hannah Cowley, poet and dramatist; and Blundell, the founder of the since famous school.

The *ch. of St. Peter* is a modern building, having, with the exception of the tower and Greenway chapel or aisle, and a few smaller portions, been wholly rebuilt 20 years since (Ashworth, architect). The old lines have been in the main followed, and the ch. is a good specimen of revived Perp. The *Greenway Chapel*, like the Lane Chapel at Cullompton, is the work of a wealthy merchant, but dates from a somewhat earlier period, having been erected in 1517. It is lavishly decorated with carving, and he enriched in like manner the whole southern front. In the chapel are brasses of the founders, John and Joan Greenway. A Nor. doorway to the N. aisle has been carefully restored. Before the rest. there was a rood screen, but this was too much decayed to be dealt with. The tower is bold and massive, and enriched with figures. It is 116 feet high to the top of the pinnacles. Cosway gave the ch. a painting of St. Peter in prison. The modern glass is by Drake, of Exeter.

The *Greenway Almshouses*, Gold Street, erected in 1517 by the founder of the Greenway Chapel, are excellent and picturesque examples of the domestic architecture of the period, with an ornate façade and a little chapel. *Waldron's*

*Almshouses* in West Exe, also with a chapel annexed, were built in 1579, but the founder died before they were completed, as testified by the quaint rhyming inscription—

“John Waldron and Richoard his wyfe  
 Builled this house in tyme of their lyfe;  
 At such tyme as the walls were fourtyne feet hye  
 He departed this worlde, even the eightynth of July.”

Tiverton is justly proud of its school, the foundation of Peter Blundell, clothier, who raised himself from poverty to wealth, and when he died in 1601, at the age of 81, left all his property to found this school and for other charitable purposes. The school buildings were erected in 1604 by Chief Justice Popham and his co-trustees, in conformity with the scheme which Blundell had himself devised.

There is a quaint local proverb, “Go to Tiverton and ask Mr. Able.”

Tiverton, partly no doubt in consequence of the great fires of which it has been the scene, is mainly a well-built town. Its situation, moreover, is very pleasant; for, as worthy Martin Dunsford says, “the winding, rapid course of the Exe down through narrow dales, which approach almost to glens, beneath hanging woods; the slow progress of the Lowman through the wider valleys, intersected by numerous other burns and rivulets; their streams united in one at a little distance from the town, and rolling over a rocky bed towards the sea; . . . villages, seats, farms, and cottages, scattered in every direction, form a landscape as diversified and beautiful as can perhaps be imagined.” The parish is very extensive and divided into four portions, the work, according to Westcote, of the first Courtenay Earl of Devon, who, when a chaplain to whom he had given the living grumbled that it was too small, quartered it out for four incumbents, so that the original holder was “fayrely taught to lyve by a crown that could not lyve by a pound.”

#### EXCURSIONS FROM TIVERTON.

1. The valley of the Exe will best repay the tourist. The beauty of the road between Bampton and Tiverton has already been noted [Sect. IV.]. Below Tiverton the Exe valley is even finer, and exceptionally picturesque is the scenery about *Bickleigh*, 4m., the ch. of which peers from a lofty hill above the junction of the (northern)

Dart and Exe. The chapel of the old manor-house close by is of Nor. character. Here in 1690 was born Bamfylde Moore Carew, the celebrated king of the beggars, hero of a hundred chap-books. Two and a half miles distant towards Crediton, close by the road, is *Cadbury Castle*, an old camp on a very commanding site. Four miles away on the other side of the Exe is Dolbury. Great treasure under charge of a fiery dragon is buried in the hills beneath these camps! Hence the rhyme—

“If Cadbury Castle and Dolbury Hill dolven were,  
Then Devonshire might plough with a golden coulter,  
And eare with a gilded shere.”

Though another version reads England for Devon.

2. Two and a half miles towards the N. is *Washfield* (Pop. 434), the ch. of which contains a good brass (1606) to Henry Worth, one of a family seated at Worth in this parish from the 12th century, if not earlier.

3. Three miles E. is *Halberton* (Pop. 1544), the ch. of which has a Dec. tower; and 2m. thence is the interesting ch. of *Sampford Peverell* (Pop. 784), which contains the mutilated effigy of a crusader, presumably Sir Hugh Peverell, 1259; and a Poulett brass, 1602. Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII., is said to have built the S. aisle.

19½m. **BURLESCOMBE.** (Pop. 788.) Here are large limestone quarries seen like huge red scars on the side of the green hills to the left. They are connected with the main line by a raised tramway. Burlescombe is on the borders of Somerset, and on the edge of the hilly country which succeeds to the low-lying lands beyond Tiverton Junction. One and a half miles to the N.W. is *Holcombe Rogus* (Pop. 743), with its Perp. ch. and possibly Dec. tower. *Holcombe Court* is an interesting Elizabethan mansion, with a curious tower porch. Burlescombe ch. itself (rest.) is mainly Perp. and retains its screen. There was a monastery at Canonleigh in this parish, originally founded, *temp.* Henry II., for Austin canons; for whom canonesses were substituted by Maud de Clare, Countess of Gloucester, *temp.* Edward I. The remains are unimportant.

The frontier line between the two counties is passed underground in the *White Ball* tunnel, the only one of any consequence on the Bristol and Exeter section of the Great Western system. It is arched with brickwork, and

five furlongs in length. Immediately on emerging the little ch. of *Sampford Arundel* is seen on a hill to the right, and soon afterwards the Wellington Monument, a tall obelisk erected in memory of the great duke, who took his ducal title from the next town.

23½m. WELLINGTON. (Pop. 6286.) Hotel: *The Squirrel*. Temperance refreshment rooms near the railway station. Wellington is a neat, clean, thriving little town, with some good houses in its two chief streets, a pleasant suburban area, and extensive woollen manufactories. The ch. is a good Perp. edifice, with a lofty and well-proportioned tower, and an imposing Jacobæan monument to Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice under Elizabeth and James, who died in 1607.

The *Wellington Monument* is on a spur of the Black Down Hills, about 3m. from the town. There is a fine view from this point. To the E. and S. are the Black Downs. To the W. the eye travels over a wide range of hill and dale away to far Exmoor. On the N. lie the Brendon and Quantock ranges. Between them, in clear weather, the Welsh coast is visible. Further to the E. the land is seen trending away towards Weston-super-mare. Beyond that again come in the Mendips. There are many pleasant walks to be had along the Black Downs, thence descending into the valley of the Culm, and continuing by Sheldon and Kentisbeare to Cullompton. From Wellington to Hemyock, the terminus of the Culm Valley line, is about 7m. To continue on from Hemyock to Cullompton would make the distance some 16m. The Black Downs yield an abundance of Greensand fossils.

28½m. NORTON FITZWARRREN. Junction of the Devon and Somerset [Sect. IV.] and Minehead lines [Sect. I.]. TAUNTON is 2m. beyond.

### Railway Excursion.

#### XVI. TIVERTON JUNCTION TO HEMYOCK.

Distance from Tiv. Junc.	Station.	Distance from Hemyock.
2½	Uffculme	4½
4½	Culmstock	2½
7	Hemyock	

*Time*: 45m. *Fares*: (single) 1s. 6d., 1s., 9d.; (return) 2s. 3d., 1s. 6d. *Refreshments at inn at Junction.*

This little line is the parent "light railway" in the West of England. It embraces no heavy works of any kind, but simply runs up the valley of the Culm, keeping as near the surface level as possible, and following so closely the windings of the stream that again and again as the train glides along one may see the trout flitting hither and thither in the tree-shadowed waters. The scenery is pretty and pastoral for the most part, but becomes bolder near Hemyock, where the track cuts across the flank of a spur of the Black Downs.

2½m. UFFCULME. (Pop. 1880.) This thriving village, which boasts of a widely-known manufacture in the Uffculme ales, is very pleasantly situated right of the line. The ch. is a fine one, and includes examples of all the periods of Gothic architecture from E. Eng. to Perp. The tower is E. Eng., the body of the ch. chiefly Perp. Some of the arches are transitional in character, between E. Eng. and Dec. In this parish is Bradfield House, noted under Cullompton.

4¼m. CULMSTOCK. (Pop. 957.) There is nothing very noteworthy beyond the ch., which has a recent clerestory; while the lower stage of the tower is apparently Dec. The oddity here is that the tower has a thriving yew tree growing out of one of its sides. An ancient cope is preserved here.

7m. HEMYOCK. (Pop. 900.) A little place with no lack of attractions. For one thing, it nestles most pleasantly among the hills in what was, ere the railway whistle awoke the echoes, one of the most charming SLEEPY HOLLOWs of fair Devon. For a second, it is a capital centre for trout fishing. For a third, it has exceptional interest to the antiquary in its ch. and its castle. The *ch.* (rest.) is in the main Dec. It consists of chancel, nave, N. and S. aisles, W. tower, and an ancient sacristy N. of chancel. There are a couple of hagioscopes. The tower stands on E. Eng. arches to N., S., and E., as if it had been originally the central feature of a cruciform edifice. Other E. Eng. remains are found in some Purbeck columns in the vestry.

*Hemyock Castle* stands close by the ch. The main gateway and its towers remain, and the enclosing walls can still in great part be made out. It originally belonged to the ancient family of the Hidons, and the last warlike use it was put to was by the Roundheads, who made it do duty as a garrison and prison.



From Hemyock it is about 4m. S. along the Black Downs to Dunkeswell Abbey, where there are ruins of a Cistercian house. These Black Downs, which rise between the fertile vales of Taunton and of Cullompton, "cannot be said to form a range of hills, but rather an elevated table-land cut into, more particularly on the W. and S., by deep valleys, which thus divide into several long lines chiefly running to the W., S.W., and S." (*De la Beche*). The average height approaches 700 feet, the highest point being 750. On the hills there are a number of ancient iron pits. Dunkeswell village, or "ch. town," to use the Cornish phrase, is 2m. from the abbey.

*Dunkeswell Abbey* was founded in 1201 by William Lord Briwere, and colonized from the abbey of Ford. It was surrendered in 1539. Of the structures of the monastery there are very few remains. "In dry summers the foundations of the ch. and of some of the important buildings may be traced by the grass above them being quickly scorched. The western tower has fallen within a comparatively recent period. Portions of the gate-house remain, and fragments of walls still standing indicate the positions of certain of the original edifices, and I think that a little time and some digging would enable one to make a ground plan of the whole of the monastic building. A modern ch. has recently been built by Mrs. Simcoe and her daughters on the site of the ancient cemetery. The situation of the abbey is very secluded, but very beautiful, and very characteristic of a Cistercian selection" (*J. Brooking Rowe*). The founder and his wife were buried in the choir, and not long since two stone coffins were found, presumed to contain their remains. The bones were all reinterred in one coffin, the other remains above-ground by the churchyard wall.

Dunkeswell is about 6m. from Honiton.

### Road Excursion.

#### XVII. EXMOOR.

"Exmoor, with that part of the adjoining country which forms a portion of the same mass of elevated land, extends from the valley of Stogumber and Crowcombe, separating it from the Quantock Hills on the E., to the Hangman Hills on the Bristol Channel, near Combemartin, on the

W. Near the latter place this high land forms a point, whence it sweeps to the S.E. by a curved line passing by Parracombe, Chapman Burrows, Span Head, and North Molton Ridge. Its southern boundary ranges from thence by Molland Down, Dulverton Common, and Haddon Down, to Heydon Down and Main Down, near Wiveliscombe, whence the high land trends away to the Stogumber and Crowcombe valley above mentioned, part of which so rises between the Exmoor mass of high land and the Quantock Hills as to throw the drainage waters in opposite directions. The highest portion of this elevated range is Dunkery Beacon, on the S. of Porlock, which rises to the height of 1668 feet above the level of the sea. On the W. Chapman Burrows attain an approximative height of 1540 feet, and Span Head, E.N.E. from High Bray, a height of 1610 feet above the same level. Along the southern boundary, the southern end of North Molton Ridge rises to an elevation of 1413 feet above the sea, and Haddon Hill, on the E. of Dulverton, to 1140 feet. The hills and cliffs bordering the Bristol Channel, and constituting a portion of the general Exmoor highlands from Minehead to Combemartin, attain somewhat corresponding heights, forming a coast remarkable for its general elevation and the sub-Alpine character of some of its valleys" (*De la Beche*). The great distinction physically between Exmoor and Dartmoor, apart from the fact that the former is of much smaller area, is the absence therefrom of the rock-tipped and rock-strewn hills known as tors. Here, as elsewhere, the physical geography of the district is determined by its geology. The tors are weathered masses of granite, and the rock-strewing of the hill-sides in the great central moorland of Devon in like manner arises from the operation of surface decomposition. The rocks of Exmoor belong to the Devonian series, and are mainly slates and sandstones, which give a more flowing contour.

Nevertheless, there is a rare charm for the true lover of wild nature in these high, rolling, russet uplands, cleft by many a long valley, broken by rounded hill and sweeping hollow, dotted by wood and copse. Whether in the early morning we see what John Ridd saw when the sun "raised his shoulder heavily over the edge of grey mountain and wavering length of upland, and beneath his gaze the dew-fogs dipped and crept to the hollow places, then stole away in line and column, holding skirts and clinging

subtly at the sheltering corners where rock hung over grass land, while brave lines of the hills came forth, one beyond another gliding, and the woods arose in folds, like drapery of awakened mountains stately with a depth of awe" ('Lorna Doone'). Whether at high noon on a bright summer's day, when the eye can range for miles over the untamed and untrimmed masses of ridge, and bog, and moor, with the cloud-shadows ever flitting and chasing each other across the vast expanse. Or whether we turn from the distant and look around and see some tiny rill with "little crooks and crannies dark and bravely bearded and a gallant rush through a reeden pipe—the stem of a flag that was grounded; and here and there divided threads from the points of a branching stick into mighty pools of rock (as large as a grown man's hat almost), napped with moss all around the sides and hung with corded grasses. Along and down the tiny banks and nodding into one another, even across main channel, hung the brown arcade of ferns; some with gold tongues languishing; some with countless ear-drops jerking; some with great quilled ribs uprising, and long saws a-flapping; others capped and fanning over with the grace of yielding, even as a hollow fountain spread by winds that have lost their way, deeply each beyond other, pluming, stooping, glancing, glistening, weaving softest pillow lace, crying to the wind and water, where their fleeting image danced, or by which their beauty moved—God has made no lovelier thing, and only He takes care of them" ('Lorna Doone').

And Exmoor can show what no other part of England can. Haunt of the Exmoor ponies, home of the Exmoor sheep, it is the only spot in all the kingdom where there yet linger the *wild red deer*, so near to the heart of Robin Hood and his merry men. A century since they ranged over much of Devon; now Exmoor is their last stronghold, and here alone in his own land can an Englishman enjoy true stag hunting.

The deer hunting of Exmoor must date back to the time

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Historically, it cannot be carried further than 1598, when Hugh Pollard, as ranger of the forest of Exmoor, kept a pack of stag-hounds at Simonsbath. This, however, gives the sport the very respectable recorded antiquity of nearly

300 years. As a rule the hunting remained in the hands of the rangers down to well nigh living memory. When it ceased to be official it soon met with difficulties. The pack passed from master to master, kept in turn either privately or by subscription by Dykes, Aclands, Bassetts, Chichesters, and sportsmen bearing other well-known county names. At length the difficulties of sustaining the hunt became so great that in 1825 the noble pack, which had been kept together for more than a century, was sold and carried to Germany. When the hunt ceased to be maintained poachers preyed upon the deer, until they were rapidly in danger of becoming extinct. This calamity, however, was averted by the definite resuscitation of the chase, after Sir Arthur Chichester had revived it for some years, through the exertions of Mr. C. P. Collyns of Dulverton and the liberality of the then Lord Portsmouth, and the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds for many years now have hunted the country regularly as of yore.\* Stag hunting begins on the 12th of August and ends on the 8th October. After a fortnight or three weeks' interval hind hunting then commences, and is continued until Christmas if the weather permits. Hind hunting recommences as soon after Lady-day as is practicable, and continues until the 10th of May. At the end of July there are one or two runs after hinds to get the hounds in wind for the real business of the year—the stag hunting.

The character of the sport differs altogether from what is commonly known as stag hunting elsewhere in England. There is no "uncarting." The deer are thoroughly wild, the country of the stiffest, the pace lively, and the chase most exciting. It is a very common thing for the deer to take to the water, and there to turn at bay and meet their fate.

It must not be imagined that Exmoor has been altogether free from the hand of "improvement." Half a century since it bore little beyond long, rank, sedgy grass mingled with fern and heather. The forest proper was not more than 16,000 acres, but it was surrounded on all sides with vast tracts of common land. In 1818 it was bought by Mr. J. Knight, and he at once, purchasing altogether about 70,000 acres, commenced the work of reclamation. The "forest" he surrounded by a wall

\* For full information on this subject see Mr. Collyns's 'Chase of the Wild Red Deer.'

40m. in length; roads were formed, trees were planted, forty farmsteads settled in promising localities, a ch. and parsonage built at Simonsbath, a mansion commenced there as the little moorland capital. In the original purchase and in these various ways very large sums of money were sunk. Exmoor, however, is Exmoor still. The mansion was never finished; cultivation has not spread far from the farmstead centres; the walls bother the sportsman more than the deer; the roads have few travellers; and the bogs are as deep, the inner recesses of the moor as wild and as solitary, and the coarse grass, and the bracken, and the heather as supreme in their occupancy mile after mile, as if no effort had ever been made to redeem its mingled wildness and sterility. At *Simonsbath*, however, where the hills are covered with larch and pine, and the "settlement" lies in a deep ravine, the scenery is of a more imposing and romantic character.

*Simonsbath*, according to the tradition preserved by Westcote in his 'View of Devon,' takes its name from a mighty hunter of old, a western Robin Hood, who used to bathe in the pool in the Barle hard by, and who had his "strength" at Symonsburrow, on the highest point of the Black Down Hills in Somerset. Mr. R. J. King, while suggesting that the prefix may be a memorial of the famed dragon-slayer Sigmund the Waelsing, points out that it is of frequent occurrence in different parts of England, especially in connection with old boundary lines. Bath here, at any rate, is probably the general Saxon term *baeth*, which would give us "Symon's water." Camden makes Sigismund, or Sigmund, "victorious peace."

Simonsbath is the nearest point to the haunt of the robber Doones, the infamous horde whose deeds and fate are set forth in 'Lorna Doone,' wherein their abode, Badgeworthy or Badgery, is thus described:—"The chine of high land curved to the right and left, keeping about the same elevation, and crowned with trees and brushwood. About half a mile in front . . . another crest just like our own bowed around to meet it, but failed by reason of two narrow clefts . . . . Betwixt them where the hills fell back as in a perfect oval, traversed by the winding water, lay a bright green valley, rimmed with sheer black rock, and seeming to have sunken bodily from the bleak rough heights above. It looked as if no frost could enter, neither winds go ruffling; only spring, and hope, and com-

fort breathe to one another." Yet here dwelt, and the heaps of stones which once formed their houses may be traced among the furze and bracken on the hill-side, one of the most pestilent banditti that ever England knew, who less than 200 years ago kept all around in constant terror, defying all law and order, until at length the murder of a child under circumstances of peculiar atrocity roused the whole country-side to their extermination. Many a tale is still told of their doings, chief of all that of their last bloody deed, when they mocked the struggles of the dying infant with the rhyme—

"Child, if they ask thee who killed thee,  
Say 'twas the Doones of Badgery."

The stream which flows through the Doone valley, the Badgeworthy Water, issues from the glen by what has been aptly called the "Waterslide"—no waterfall or rapid, plunging into a great black pool, but a "long, pale slide of water coming smoothly without any break or hindrance for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff sheer, and straight, and shining. The water neither ran, nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed, and looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep black staircase. However, there was no side rail, nor any place to walk on, only the channel a fathom wide, and the perpendicular walls of crag shutting out the evening." So was it seen by Master John Ridd, and so may it be seen now, a thing unique in its way in a district where it seems an essential character of a stream that it should brawl and plunge and dash and roar. To make the round by Simonsbath from Lynmouth, embracing the Doone valley, would be something over 20m.

The Exmoor rivers abound in fish and afford excellent sport. The more important are preserved, but there is still a good deal of free water, and information may be obtained here, as elsewhere, at all the chief hotels and inns.

Reference has been made in the Introduction to the stone monuments which were formerly to be found on Exmoor. These have well-nigh wholly disappeared, and the chief relics of ancient days to be seen now are the crumbling outlines of the camps in which the Britons made their stand against the invading Saxons; and the

barrows scattered profusely in every direction, though the progress of cultivation yearly decreases their numbers. On Exmoor too there are a few traces of ancient mining, chiefly connected with the manufacture of iron. The antiquities of the district have never, however, received the attention they deserve, and the Forest may therefore be commended to the attention of zealous and discreet archæologists. By way of encouragement and warning, we quote this quaint tale from Westcote, who says the incident happened, in his own time (*circa* 1623), at Challacombe, on the Exmoor borders.

“A daily labouring man, by the work of his hand and sweat of his brow, having gotten a little money, was desirous to have a place to rest himself in old age, and therefore bestowed it on some acres of waste land, and began to build a house thereon, near or not far from one of these barrows, named Broaken Barrow, whence he fetched stones and earth to further his work; and, having pierced into the bowels of the hillock, he found therein a little place, as it had been a large oven, fairly, strongly, and closely walled up; which comforted him much, hoping that some great good would befall him, and that there might be some treasure there hidden to maintain him more liberally, and with less labour, in his old years; wherewith encouraged, he plies his work earnestly, until he has broken a hole through this wall, in the cavity whereof he espied an earthen pot, which caused him to multiply his strokes, until he might make the orifice thereof large enough to take out the pot, which his earnest desire made not long a-doing; but as he thrust in his arm, and fastened his hand thereon, suddenly he heard, or seemed to hear, the noise of the treading or trampling of horses, coming, as he thought, towards him; which caused him to forbear and arise from the place, fearing the comers would take his purchase from him (for he assured himself it was treasure); but looking about every way to see what company this was, he saw neither horse nor man in view. To the pot again he goes, and had the like success a second time; and yet, looking all about, could ken nothing. At the third time he brings it away, and finds therein only a few ashes and bones, as if they had been of children, or the like. But the man, whether by the fear, which yet he denied, or other causes which I cannot comprehend, in a very short time after lost senses both of sight and hearing,

and in less than three months consuming, died. He was in all his lifetime accounted an honest man, and he constantly reported this, divers times, to men of good quality, with protestations to the truth thereof, even to his death."

Westcote leaves us in doubt whether or no he put full faith in this or not; but every one will echo his cautious conclusion: "It is at your choice to believe these stories or no; what truth soever there is in them, they are not unfit tales for winter nights, when you roast crabs by the fire."

### EXCURSIONS ON EXMOOR.

Those who would see Exmoor at its best must be prepared pretty much to make out their own way; but some of the leading lines of route may be indicated. Dunster [Sect. I.], Porlock [Sect. II.], Lynmouth [Sect. II.], Dulverton, and S. Molton [Sect. IV.] are all good points of approach. Simonsbath, which has a little inn, and may be regarded as the centre, is 9m. from Lynmouth; about 11m. from S. Molton, through N. Molton and over N. Molton Ridge; 16m. by Withypool, and the valley of the Barle, from Dulverton; about the same distance by Cutcombe and Exford from Dunster; and 11m. from Porlock. We give some of the leading routes here indicated more in detail.

1. The most convenient means of access to Simonsbath is undoubtedly that from Lynmouth, by Ilford Bridges. Go by Watersmeet, and at Ilford Bridges take either of the roads to the left, one of which leads direct to the Moor and the other makes a circuit through Brendon. As the road ascends to the wild upland, *Scob Hill* is seen on the left, a rugged, heathery tract, which used to be the favourite haunt of the red deer, but now bears the reputation of being infested with vipers. With the ascent the prospect opens, but for the most part is of a very dreary character. On the right of the road there rise the rivers *Exe* and *Barle*, and in that direction too is *Mole's Chamber*, marked in the maps with the warning signal, "a dangerous bog." The legend is that it is so called after a farmer named Mole, who in spite of all warnings rode thereinto and so perished. But this is merely a fable; the Mole river rises here, and we need not seek further for the etymology. The Dartmoor bogs are sometimes called "the Dartmoor Stables," and those of Exmoor are no better.



The boundary of the Forest proper is marked by the wall already noticed, in which there are gates. The remains of the haunt of the Doones lie on the left of the road, within easy distance. The finest part of this route to Simonsbath is when the valley of the Barle is reached, and we begin the descent to the picturesque moorland capital [described *ante*]. Those who do not intend to return to Lynmouth may with advantage reverse the directions given in the next route, and go forward to Dulverton.

2. The road from Dulverton to Simonsbath is the most picturesque and interesting, if that from Lynmouth is the most easy. The valley of the Barle should be followed as closely as possible (with an occasional stretch up the side of the ravine—if circumstances permit—for the purpose of the varying view). The valley of the Barle is richly wooded for miles. *Tar Steps* [Sect. IV.] is the first point of special interest, 5m. or so from Dulverton. Next we reach *Withypool*, where there is a comfortable inn—the *Royal Oak*. This is a capital station for the brethren of the craft; for the fishing is not only good, but partly free. *Withypool* is 7m. from Simonsbath. The road still lies along the Barle valley; and about 2m. before reaching Simonsbath is the *Red Deer* inn, another cosy hostelry. Simonsbath reached, the previous route may be reversed to proceed to Lynmouth. A good walker with a fair day may very well cross the Moor from Dulverton to Lynmouth, or *vice versa*. Whoever does so will have gained an excellent idea of the characteristics of this wild district, and if imbued with the true love for nature in her sterner moods, will assuredly mark the day with a white stone.

3. Little inferior to either of the preceding routes is that from Minehead or Dunster, which for all practical purposes may be treated as one. Go by *Timberscombe*, and so on to *Cutcombe*. But beware, and let your travelling be over by nightfall. This is a “haunted road,” and those who have been belated thereon have told the dreadful story, how they have met a mourning coach drawn by four black horses, which after proceeding some distance decorously enough, behaved most indecorously by sudden evanishment. “Lady Howard” is said to drive in a coach drawn by skeleton horses on the road between Okehampton and Tavistock; and there are quite a dozen similar traditions extant in the West, each firmly believed in by many in its own immediate locality. However, this special ghost

appears to be a harmless one, which is more than can be said of some of its rivals. Cutcombe is 9m. from Minehead, and at *Wheddon Cross*, on the main road to Dulverton, there is a comfortable little inn, the *Rest-and-be-thankful*.

Cutcombe lies on the western of the two roads between Dunster and Dulverton, which diverge at Treborough. From Dulverton to Dunster is 17m. Cutcombe has a claim to more than passing notice, for it is the birthplace of the famous *Pym*, "King Pym." An equally ardent politician on the other side, but by no means equally celebrated, Dr. Henry *Byam*, was born in the neighbouring parish of Luccombe.

Cutcombe is the best centre for the exploration of the upper reaches of the Exe. Four miles W. of Cutcombe, in the very heart of the Exe valley, is the pleasant little village of *Exford*, the chief attractions of which are its scenery and its fishing. There is inn accommodation to be had here, of an unpretentious kind; and from Exford the course of the Exe may be followed to its source, which, as already indicated, is within easy distance of Simonsbath.

The easiest way of reaching Cutcombe, if it is desired to make that a centre, is by the Mineral Railway from Watchett [Sect. I.], the terminus of which, at Combe Row, is between 3 and 4m. distant.

4. The last route which we will indicate is that from Porlock. Thence the best thing to do is to ascend *Dunkery* [Sect. II.], and descend into Exford, a stiff walk of 7m., but including in its attractions the broadest landscape in the district. Then, to make for Dulverton, instead of proceeding up the valley, follow the course of the Exe downward for 5m., and you come to another pleasantly-placed village, also with comfortable inn quarters. This is *Winsford*, and is only 1½m. from the main road to Dulverton. But the bye-way is the best. Take heart and trudge over Winsford Hill to Tar Steps (3m.), and then follow down the Barle. This would make a total of about 20m., but seeing that it includes the ascent of Dunkery, none but a really good walker should attempt to cover the whole of the ground in one day.

With these hints for his guidance, the tourist should have little difficulty in making acquaintance with Exmoor.

## XVIII. THE EXE VALLEY.

For one of the most delightful walks in the county, follow the Exe from its source on Exmoor down to Exeter. Taking its windings into account, the course of the river, which rises some 36m. N. by W. of Exeter, is to that city about 60m. The road, of course, is not so long, yet three days may very well be bestowed in covering the ground, divided thus—Exe Head to Dulverton; Dulverton to Tiverton; Tiverton to Exeter—which will give opportunity for looking up the chief points of interest *en route*. The strongest contrasts of scenery are found in the first division. Starting on the open moorland, the river speedily descends into a valley, which develops first into a ravine, and then into a richly-wooded glen, continued in mile after mile of the most picturesque scenery in Devon.

The first village on the river is Exford, where several smaller valleys open into that of the Exe, here of considerable depth. Every valley has its stream, and all the streams swarm with trout. Then we have Winsford [for Exford and Winsford see Sect. XVII.], 1½m. below which we reach the main road, which thenceforward keeps the river close company all the way to Exeter. If Dulverton [Sect. IV.] is to be visited, and by all means this should be done, even if no halt is made, the best course will be to leave the Exe for a while, and turn into Dulverton by the road on the right, behind *Pixton Park*, and then follow down the Barle to the junction of the two rivers at Exe Bridge. The Exe above Pixton is more open, and its sides less clothed with foliage, than the Barle. Immediately beyond Dulverton is some of the most delightful scenery on the route. There has been little change since Gilpin spoke of it as "another pleasing valley wooded thick with oaks, which climbed a steep on the right, and formed a hanging grove. On the left ran the Exe, a rapid, rocky-channelled stream, shaded likewise with trees. Beyond the Exe the ground rose in a beautiful park scene." Below Exe Bridge the river trends to the W., but immediately sweeps suddenly round to the E., to its confluence with the Batham, 1m. S. of Bampton [Sect. IV.]. The singular sylvan beauty of this spot, and of the road by the river thence to Tiverton, has been already noticed, and the picturesque character of the Exe valley, from



Tiverton on to Bickleigh [Sect. XV.]. Here the Exe receives one of its most rapid tributaries, aptly named the *Dart*.

From Bickleigh to Exeter is 11m. The next village is *Silverton*, to the left [Sect. XV.]. Here is Silverton Park, the beautiful seat of the Countess of Egremont, a modern building in its present form, and unfinished. This village has suffered greatly from fires, the cottages being mostly constructed of "cob" walls with thatched roofs. "Cob" is a name given to a mixture of clay, and stones, and straw, beaten into shape in a frame, and so made to do duty for walling—a kind of embryo unburnt brick. Dwellings of "cob" have the reputation of being warm and comfortable, and under ordinary circumstances they last much longer than might be anticipated. The ch. (rest.) contains several stained windows. Silverton is 7m. from Exeter.

*Thorverton* (Pop. 1082) lies a little beyond, to the right, on the opposite side of the Exe, and is also about 7m. from Exeter. Here it is advisable to desert the main road and proceed through Thorverton on to Netherexe and Brampford Speke. Thorverton ch. (rest.) is a handsome structure with excellent modern carved oak benches, and some good stained glass. At Chapel St. Martin, now a farm-house, are some ecclesiastical remains. The manor and ch. once belonged to St. Martin's Abbey, Tours. This parish yields a good trappean building stone, which was employed in the vaulting of Exeter cathedral [Sect. XXI.].

*Netherexe* (Pop. 80) is 5m. from Exeter. The ch. (rest.) has a good early font. *Brampford Speke* (Pop. 479) acquired some notoriety a generation since by the controversy which arose on the presentation of the Rev. G. O. Gorham to the living. The then bishop of Exeter, Dr. Phillpotts, refused to institute Mr. Gorham because of his views on baptismal regeneration. The law was appealed to, and after discussions for and against, it was at length decreed by the Privy Council that Mr. Gorham was to be instituted, and instituted he was accordingly. The fine old ch. was rest. during his vicariate. The Spekes, after whom the parish is named, were once a family of great note, and according to tradition reserved certain paths for their private use, which were thence called "Speke's paths." Cowley Bridge, in this parish, is only 2m. from Exeter.

## XIX. TIVERTON TO CREDITON.

A convenient and pleasant cross-country route is that from Tiverton to Crediton. The road by the Exe is taken to Bickleigh [Sect. XV.], then that to the right crossing Bickleigh Bridge. *Cadbury* (Pop. 261) is just half way. In this parish is Cadbury Castle, already described. The ch. (rest.) contains several stained glass windows and a Nor. font. Two miles right of the road lies *Cheriton Fitzpaine* (Pop. 936). *Poughill*, the adjoining parish, is 7m. from Crediton and 8m. from Tiverton. The ch. here is rest., and has been decorated with mural painting. Some of the windows are filled with stained glass. Poughill, however, is an out-of-the-way place, and its chief interest is historical, and lies in the fact that it was the scene of almost the only distinctly recorded incident of the Wars of the Roses, so far as they affected Devon. *Nicholas Radford*, a judge and a Yorkist, lived at Upcotts, in Poughill. "Upcotts stands on a steep bank above a small feeder of the Creedy, in a broken, hilly country, where the hollows are filled with remains of old wood, and where from the higher ground, as from the terrace of Upcotts, the eye ranges over a wide stretch of hill and valley to the distant crests of Dartmoor. The house, with its moulded ceilings, its oaken staircase, its walled terraces flanked by huge old cypress trees, and overlooking what was once the bowling-green, shows that, fallen as it now is, it remained a place of some importance until at least the middle of the last century. But few portions can be of Radford's time, except perhaps some of the outer walls; and the inclosure of the main court may perhaps represent that which figures in the story, the usual accompaniment of a 15th century manor-house" (*R. J. King*).

The incident that has linked Upcotts with the national history is recorded in the 'Paston Letters,' and we give it in the quaint old English there set down. The son of the Earl of Devon, who was the chief actor in the tragedy, was Thomas Courtenay. He was a Lancastrian; and Radford favoured the Yorkist Lord Bonville. The letter is dated "October 28, 1455," and the writer was one James Gresham. Thus the story runs:—

"On thursday at nyght last passed ye Erll of Den-shyres Sone and heir come w<sup>th</sup> lx men of Armes to Radfords

place in Devenshire whiche was of counceyl w<sup>t</sup> my Lord Bonvyle and they sette an hous on fyer at Radfords gate and cryed and mad an noyse as though they had be sorry for ye fyer, and by that cause Radfords men set opyn ye gats and zete owt to se the fyer and for w<sup>t</sup> therll sone foreseid entred into ye place and intreted Radford to come down of his chambre to spke w<sup>t</sup> them p'myttyng him that he shuld no bodoly harm have up on whiche p'mysse he come down and spak w<sup>t</sup> ye seid Erll sone. In ye mene tyme his meyne robbe his chambre and ryfled his huches and trussed suyche as they coude gete to gydder and caryed it away on his own hors. Thanne yerll Sone seid, Radford thou must come to my Lord my Fadir, he seid he wold and bad oon of his men make redy his hors to ride w<sup>t</sup> hem whiche answered hym y<sup>t</sup> alle his hors wern take away, thanne he seid to yerll sone S<sup>r</sup> yo' men have robbed my chambre and thei have myn hors y<sup>t</sup> I may not ride w<sup>t</sup> you to my Lord yo' fadir, wherfor I p'y you lete me ride for I am old and may not go. It was answerid hym ageyn yat he shuld walke forth w<sup>t</sup> them on his feete and so he dede till he was flyte shote or more from his place and yanne he was [going] softly for cawse he myght not go fast and whanne zei were thus dep'ted he t'ned [when] forw<sup>t</sup> come ix men ageyn upon hym and smot hym in the hed and fellid [and one] of them kyt his throte."

*Stockley Pomeroy* (Pop. 173) and *Shobrooke* (Pop. 626) lie near the road on the left. There is nothing special to note in the former, which was named after its owners, the once famous and powerful Pomeroyes. *Stockleigh English*, about 3m. distant northerly, was so called because it was one of the few manors that at the time of the completion of Domesday continued in Saxon hands. Shobrooke was the birthplace of Westcote, the antiquary, the author of the 'View of Devon;' and the Bodleys, of whom came the famous Sir Thomas, founder of the Bodleian, were also connected with the parish. *Shobrooke Park* (J. H. Hippisley, Esq.) is beautifully wooded, and well stocked with deer. *Creechy Park* lies to the right.

[For Crediton see Sect. V., and for fuller particulars 'South Devon Guide.']

## XX. CREDITON TO MORETONHAMPTSTEAD.

A very pleasant and convenient way of approaching the Dartmoor district by foot from North Devon proper is to continue on the route described in the last section from Crediton to Moretonhampstead. The distance is 12m., and the road embraces many picturesque details.

Two miles from Crediton is *Posbury Hill*, which is worthy of notice from the geologist as well as from the unscientific tourist. Here is one of the largest and most important of the felspathic traps associated with the Triassic rocks of this part of Devon. "A large mass of these igneous rocks occupies the high ground in Killerton Park, where they may be very advantageously studied, a long line extending from it by Budlake and Chiphele. Other patches are seen on the south of Kilnland and on the south of Spreyton House. The igneous rocks associated with the red sandstone near Thorverton and between there and Silverton occur in east and west lines. . . . Including the large patch of these igneous rocks at Posbury Hill, on the S.W. of Crediton, and those on the W.S.W. of the same place, near Cross Farm, Willgrove, Knole Lake, and Knole Farm, we find the harder parts of the various igneous products (frequently worked in large quarries) to descend in mass downwards" (*De la Beche*). These traps have been carefully investigated by Mr. W. Vicary, F.G.S. (Trans. Dev. Ass., Part IV.), who has added to the foregoing localities, among others, Stone Crook and Greenslade, near North Tawton. The composition and structure of these traps is exceedingly complicated and varied, and full of matter for the petrologist proper, while their occurrence has many features of interest for the non-specialistic geologist. Here, at Posbury, Mr. Vicary has noted the existence of a nodule of chalcedony more than a foot in diameter, in a dike traversing the trap.

*Tedburn St. Mary* lies nearly midway between Crediton and Moretonhampstead, where the road crosses that from Exeter to Okehampton. It is an unimportant little place, but pleasantly situated. Not far beyond, however, is one of the chief features of the route, *Great Fulford*, which names the ancient family of Fulford, who have been in possession of the estate since the reign of Richard I. Both the family and the house (which is of considerable an-

tiquity) have made their mark in history. There were Fulfords with the "Lion-heart" in Palestine; Sir Baldwin Fulford, who joined the Lancastrian party, was beheaded at Hexham. Col. Francis Fulford, afterwards knighted, garrisoned his ancestral mansion for King Charles, and his son was killed in its defence. Though stoutly held, Fairfax captured it in 1645, and gave the command to Col. Okey, afterwards one of the judges on the trial of Charles. Among the family pictures is one of Charles I. by Vandyck, which was given to Sir Francis by Charles II. Fulford Park contains a lake, is well wooded, and is, from the diversified character of its scenery, a most romantic spot. The best road is through the park, passing near the house, and so down to Clifford Bridge, in the ravine of the Teign, which is about 3m. from Moretonhampstead.

[For Mōretonhampstead and its district see the 'South Devon Guide.']

## XXI. EXETER.

Exeter properly falls within the scope of the 'South Devon Guide,' and will be found therein described in full detail, but as it also forms one of the chief centres for the tourist in North Devon, it seems desirable, though at the cost of some little repetition, to indicate the main points of interest in the city here also.

There is abundant hotel accommodation in Exeter, the chief hotels including the *Rougemont*, *New London Inn*, *Clarence*, *Half Moon*, *Globe*, *Queen's*, *White Lion*, *White Hart*, *Bude Haven*, *Crown and Sceptre*, and *South-Western*. Eating-houses and confectioners' shops are plentiful. For light refreshments, Gifford's, in High Street, will be found convenient. Cab fares are calculated at 1s. a mile; and a 1s. fare covers any part of the city. By time the fare is 2s. 6d. for the first hour, and 2s. per hour afterwards.

Exeter stands almost alone among our provincial cities in its historical connection, and can be traced through the English burgh, the Norman ville, the Saxon tun, the Roman chester, back to the Keltic hill-fort dominating the marshes of the Exe. It has been in turn the stronghold of every race holding rule in England.

Edward the Confessor transferred to Exeter from Crediton the seat of the united sees of Devon and Cornwall;



and the city has played such an important part in the national history that it has been many times besieged.

The city has been modernized chiefly in its suburbs. The High Street has an aspect of antiquity without rival in the West, and is one of the most picturesque thoroughfares not merely in Devon, but in the kingdom. What with the projecting stories, the gables, the galleries, the carven corbels, and multiple windows of its Elizabethan houses; its quaint, if not elegant, churches; the striking façade of its ancient Guildhall, and its noble Cathedral; Exeter is a true paradise for the antiquary.

N. of the High Street, and approached through Castle Street, are the remains of the *Castle of Rougemont*, so called from the natural colour of the hill, which is formed of a reddish-brown trap. In the Castle Yard is a statue to the late Earl Fortescue, Lord Lieutenant of the county. In the grounds of Rougemont House, but visible from the yard and street, stands the castle gatehouse, a good example of Nor. work of rude character. The castle wall is also of Nor. date, and in good preservation save on the side next Northernhay, where it was removed to make room for the modern castle or sessions house. There are on the wall two half-round solid bastions, one on the S.W., pure Nor., the other on the N.E., transitional Nor. The walls can be ascended from the Castle Yard.

None of the ancient *gates* of the city remain. The materials of the East Gate, taken down in 1784, are worked into a house on the N. side of High Street close by, with a statue of Henry VII., which stood on the outer face. There are, however, some portions of the city walls.

The *Cathedral* holds the leading place in the second rank of the cathedrals of England. None other is so perfectly symmetrical in arrangement, and the noble unbroken stretch of vaulting in the interior is without a rival either in this country or elsewhere. The Saxon Cathedral in which Bishop Leofric was enthroned by Edward the Confessor has disappeared. William Warelwast, nephew of the Conqueror, bishop of Exeter from 1107 to 1136, was the founder of the Norman Cathedral, partially at least upon the site of its Saxon predecessor. He erected the present towers, with choir and apse, and the eastern part of the nave. Continued with less activity under his successors, the Nor. Cathedral was not completed until the episcopate of Henry Marshall, 1194—1206, who not only

finished the nave, but lengthened the choir, added the Lady Chapel, and did some other works, in which the pointed arch appears. The great flanking transeptal towers are the most striking feature of the exterior, and it was at one time generally believed that they were the W. towers of the original Nor. Cathedral. It is clear, however, that they were transeptal in position from the first, and converted into transepts proper by the removal of the inner walls. The existing magnificent transeptal arrangement is undoubtedly due to Bishop Quivil, the great master builder of the present Cathedral, who held the see from 1280 to 1291, and commenced the work of transformation, which was carried on virtually upon his plans for nearly eighty years after his decease. With the exception of the Nor. towers, the E. window, an objectionable insertion of Perp. date, and a few minor points, the Cathedral throughout is Dec., and, some of Bishop Grandisson's work apart, Dec. of the purest type—the Geometrical. It was under Grandisson, 1327—1369, that the Cathedral, as we now see it, was finally completed.

The *W. front*, with its magnificent screen and its storied array of the crumbling effigies of prophets, saints, and kings, is in the main the work of Bishop Brantyngham, 1370—1394, the N. entrance and other late portions being probably due either to Richard Fox, 1487—1491, or his successor, Oliver King, 1492—1495. There are two rows of statues, three score in all, but very few are capable of identification. In the body of the screen S. of the central entrance is the chapel of *St. Radegunde*, restored by Bishop Grandisson as the place of his own sepulture.

The interior of the Cathedral has been restored at a cost of £40,000, under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott, and the fabric is now seen in all its pristine beauty.

Immediately on the left hand of the N. doorway, at the commencement of the N. aisle, is the chapel of *St. Edmund*, used as the Consistory Court. In the course of the restoration the remains of an ancient tile pavement were found under the wooden floor; and the chapel is now laid with tiles reproducing this pattern.

The *nave* is essentially the work of Grandisson. Portions of Nor. walling may be observed extending westward from the N. transept to the N. porch; which are quite enough to prove that the Nor. Cathedral did not terminate, according to the old theory, with the existing

towers. The easternmost bay of the nave was converted from Nor. into Dec. by Quivil, *circa* 1284. It was nearly half a century later that Grandisson took up the work and carried it out to completion. The most notable detail of the nave is the *minstrel's gallery* in the central bay on the N. It is an exceedingly beautiful work, evidently an addition to the original design of the nave, and has been associated with the creation of the Black Prince Duke of Cornwall, Exeter being parcel of the duchy. The heads of Edward III. and Queen Philippa appear on the corbels.

The *pulpit*, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, is a memorial of the martyred Bishop Pattison.

The whole of the later work connected with the *transepts* is undoubtedly Quivil's. This includes the singularly beautiful transept windows; the chapels of *St. Paul* and *St. John the Baptist*, respectively E., the one of the N. and the other of the S. transept; and the quaint triforial galleries, which had to be made projecting because of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of hewing a passage through the Nor. walls. Adjoining the chapel of *St. Paul* is the Sylke chantry, founded by William Sylke, sub-chanter, buried therein 1508. His effigy is an emaciated figure in a shroud. In this transept is a notable *clock* of apparently 13th century date, but which has more than once undergone a thorough renovation. It shows the age of the moon on a dial which depicts the earth as the centre of the universe, with both sun and moon circling around. The *N. tower* should be ascended, not merely for the sake of the view over the city, but because it contains the great Peter bell, brought from Llandaff by Bishop Courtenay, 1478—1486, recast just 200 years later, 1676, and weighing 12,500 lbs.

In the S. transept is the tomb of *Hugh Courtenay*, Earl of Devon, and his wife Margaret, who died respectively in 1377 and 1391; also a monument to *Sir Peter Carew*, 1575. Archdeacon Freeman has suggested that the little chapel of the *Holy Ghost*, between the S. wall of the tower and the Chapter House, may be a relic of Leofric's minster. This chapel, with the *Chapter House*, is approached by a doorway in the S.W. angle of the transept; and as the Chapter House is E. Eng., the probability is that the chapel of the Holy Ghost dates from the same period. Bishop Bruere, 1224—1244, was the original builder of the Chapter House; but two centuries later it

had fallen into decay, and was repaired and modified by Bishops Lacey, Neville, and Bothe, 1420—1478.

The choir is divided from the nave by an ancient screen, "*la pulpytte*," built by Bishop Stapledon. This bears the great organ originally built by Loosemore in 1665.

The choir transformation is wholly the work of Bishop Bitton, 1292—1337. The singularly elegant corbels and the roof bosses, now glowing as of old with colour, were also part of his work. The choir affords evidences of transformation, in the diminution of the thickness of the wall and the size of the pillars, in the E. of the presbytery as compared with the W., and in the singular pair of arches flanking the screen W. of the choir, evidently substituted for the heavy Nor. piers.

The *misereres* are E. Eng., the earliest now extant in this country, quaintly carved, and exceedingly noteworthy. They are incorporated with some of the most beautiful of wooden stall work, executed by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley. The *bishop's throne*, a marvellously elegant example of mediæval carving, was the work of Stapledon. It is 52 feet high, does not contain a single nail, and cost on task work £41. The bishop's chair stands underneath a towering canopy, which springs lightly and gracefully, "like the foamy sheaf of fountains," almost to the roof. The carving, "which has been pronounced by good artists to be of unrivalled excellence, consists chiefly of foliage, with knops or finials of great beauty surmounting tabernacled niches. The pinnacle corners are enriched with every variety of heads of animals."

Still more delicate and elaborate is the stone carving of the *sedilia*, which were also erected by Stapledon, and which embody a memorial of the installation of Leofric by the Confessor and his Queen. Above each of the seats is a head, the central one of a bishop, the other two of a man and a woman—Edward and Edith. Probably their effigies were originally included in the design; for in the very rich and beautiful canopy work above the seats there are three empty niches. The carving will repay the closest inspection, particularly that of the foliage introduced. Marshall and Stapledon both lie in the choir.

The *reredos* is exceedingly beautiful, and was given by Chancellor Harington and Dr. Blackall. It was made the subject of legal proceedings, on account of sundry figure carvings, notably a central representation of the Ascension.

However, it remains intact. It is of alabaster and various marbles, and richly jewelled—a most elaborate piece of work, but somewhat wanting in dignity for its position. Polished marbles, chiefly local, are largely used for the choir flooring, with a very rich effect.

In the N. choir aisle is the chapel of *St. Andrew*, and in the S. that of *St. James*. There are also two chantries: N. the *Speke*, or *St. George's Chapel*; S. the *Oldham*, or *St. Saviour's*. The choir aisles were the work of Bishop Bitton, 1292—1307.

The *Lady Chapel*, and the flanking chapels of *St. Mary Magdalene* (N.) and *St. Gabriel* (S.), which open into the E. aisle or retro-choir, are mainly the work of Quivil, whose memorial is in the centre of the elegant tile and marble pavement. In restoring them care has been taken to renew the original colouring of roofs and ribs and bosses and reredos, which is exceedingly gorgeous. Moreover, the whole of the windows in the Lady Chapel have been filled with stained glass. There are fine high tombs beneath the arches opening into the side chapels—that of Bronescombe S., that of Stafford N.

The *windows* of the Cathedral are among its most notable features. With the single exception of the great E. window, an unfortunate Perp. replacement of the original, they are all Dec., and exhibit a greater variety of tracery than is found in any other building in the kingdom. The aisle and clerestory windows are arranged in pairs. Side by side no two are alike, but the opposing windows correspond throughout. With trivial exceptions, moreover, they are all not merely Dec., but of the purest period of that style.

The parish churches of Exeter are, as a rule, of little importance, but that of *St. Michael*, erected at the sole cost of the late Mr. W. Gibbs, is a beautiful example of Early Gothic, with a central tower and spire 230 feet high. Exeter abounds in ancient buildings, public and domestic. The *Palace* is an interesting structure. The Hall of the *College of Priest Vicars* in South Street is worth a visit. Some of the almshouses are quaint and good.

The *Guildhall* in the High Street is worthy of the old city. The Hall, 62½ feet by 25 feet, was erected in 1466, on the site of a still more ancient centre of civic life. It has a good roof, an armorial window, old-fashioned fittings, and contains several pictures, among them portraits of the

Princess Henrietta, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, by Lely, presented to the city by Charles II.; Monk, Duke of Albemarle, by Lely; and some good examples of Hudson, Reynolds's first instructor, including Earl Camden, George II., and Lord Chancellor Pratt. In front of the Guildhall proper is the Council Chamber, which partially projects into the street on a picturesque Elizabethan colonnade. This was erected in 1593, and forms a prominent feature in the High Street. Exeter boasts amongst its civic insignia the swords of Edward IV. and of Henry VII., given to the citizens in mark of special honour. The latter monarch also gave a cap of maintenance.

Among the many memorials of the late Prince Consort, the *Albert Memorial Museum* has a right to a very prominent place. It combines, under one roof, a museum, science and art schools, a free library, and a reading room. The site is excellent, and the building worthy of it. The style is Early French Gothic (Hayward, architect). On the main staircase is a statue of the Prince Consort, by Stephens, a native of Exeter. The museum is good, and has several special features. There is a capital collection illustrative of the economic geology of Devon and Cornwall, and an important natural-history department. Antiquities muster strongly. Ladies will feel interested in a valuable case of ancient and modern Devonshire laces presented by Mrs. Treadwin. The miscellanea are peculiarly full and valuable.

*Northernhay*, N. of the Castle, extending from Queen Street to High Street, is the chief public walk. It is tastefully laid out with plenty of trees, and has on it the statues of the late Sir T. D. Acland and Mr. Dinham. One of the most striking artistic ornaments of Exeter will, however, be found elsewhere, the spirited bronze group of the "*Deerslayer*," by Stephens, presented to the city, a very fine example of modern sculpture.

### CONCLUDING HINTS.

A FEW hints in conclusion may have their value. North Devon, like South, is so rich in attractions that visitors must be content to make their choice. There is no greater mistake than that of the tourist who attempts to cover too much ground within too brief a time, and yet there is none more common. Devonshire is not a county to be rushed through, but to be dwelt over. If the object is merely that of flitting rapidly from place to place, then North Devon, with its frequent coach routes and walking tours, is of all tourist resorts the least fitted for the purpose. Not merely days, but weeks, might be spent without weariness or satiety by the true lover of nature at such centres as Minehead, or Lynton, or Ilfracombe, or Bideford, or in exploring the wilds of Exmoor, or in visits to the more scattered spots of interest further West. Those whose visit is of necessity limited to a few days, will best consult their interests and enjoyment by availing themselves of the materials for choice afforded by the descriptive matter in the preceding pages, and selecting that locality which possesses for them the greatest attractions. More cannot fairly be expected of a week, though something may be gained by changing the route in going and returning, for which the railway and coach arrangements of North Devon afford singular facilities. Thus a week might be devoted to Lynton and Lynmouth, going by coach through Porlock from Minehead, and returning over Exmoor through Simonsbath to Dulverton. Or a week might be given to Ilfracombe, travelling in one direction by the North Devon and in the other by the Devon and Somerset line, or *vice versa*. Or Bideford might be made the centre of a week's round to Westward Ho, Clovelly, and Hartland, with the alternative railway routes as before. Or a week's quarters might be taken up at Barnstaple, where the Great Western and South-Western systems meet, and whence Lynton, and Ilfracombe, and Westward Ho, and Clovelly are all more or less within the compass of daily

trips. Or, again, Minehead might be utilized for a round of visits to Cleeve Abbey, Dunster, Dunkery, Porlock, and Culbone. These are mere hints of skeleton tours, which can be filled up at pleasure from the information already given.

With a fortnight at command it is possible, however, to do a great deal more; in fact, to make the complete round by railway from Taunton to Minehead, thence through Porlock, Culbone, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, Bideford, Westward Ho, Clovelly, and Hartland, and by rail on to Crediton and Exeter. This would give a day each to Minehead and Porlock; three days each to Lynton and Ilfracombe; one day to Barnstaple and Bideford; one to Westward Ho; two to Clovelly and Hartland; and two to Exeter and any place of interest fancied on the North Devon line. Of course the time occupied in travelling is included in this arrangement, and Sundays would have to be allowed for. If the start were made on Monday, that would give a Sunday each at Ilfracombe and Exeter.

To those who wish for fuller information concerning the district may be commended Westcote's 'View of Devon,' Risdon's 'Survey,' Pole's 'Collection,' Polwhele's 'History,' the Lysons' Devonshire volume of the 'Magna Britannia,' Prince's 'Worthies of Devon,' De la Beche's 'Geological Report on Devon, Cornwall, and West Somerset,' Oliver's 'Monasticon' of the diocese of Exeter, Oliver's 'History of Exeter,' Dunsford's 'History of Tiverton,' Harding's 'History of Tiverton,' Gribble's 'Memorials of Barnstaple,' Chanter's 'Lundy Island,' Collyns's 'Chase of the Wild Red Deer,' Kingsley's 'Westward Ho!' Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone,' the 'Transactions of the Exeter Diocesan Architectural Society, and those of the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art.





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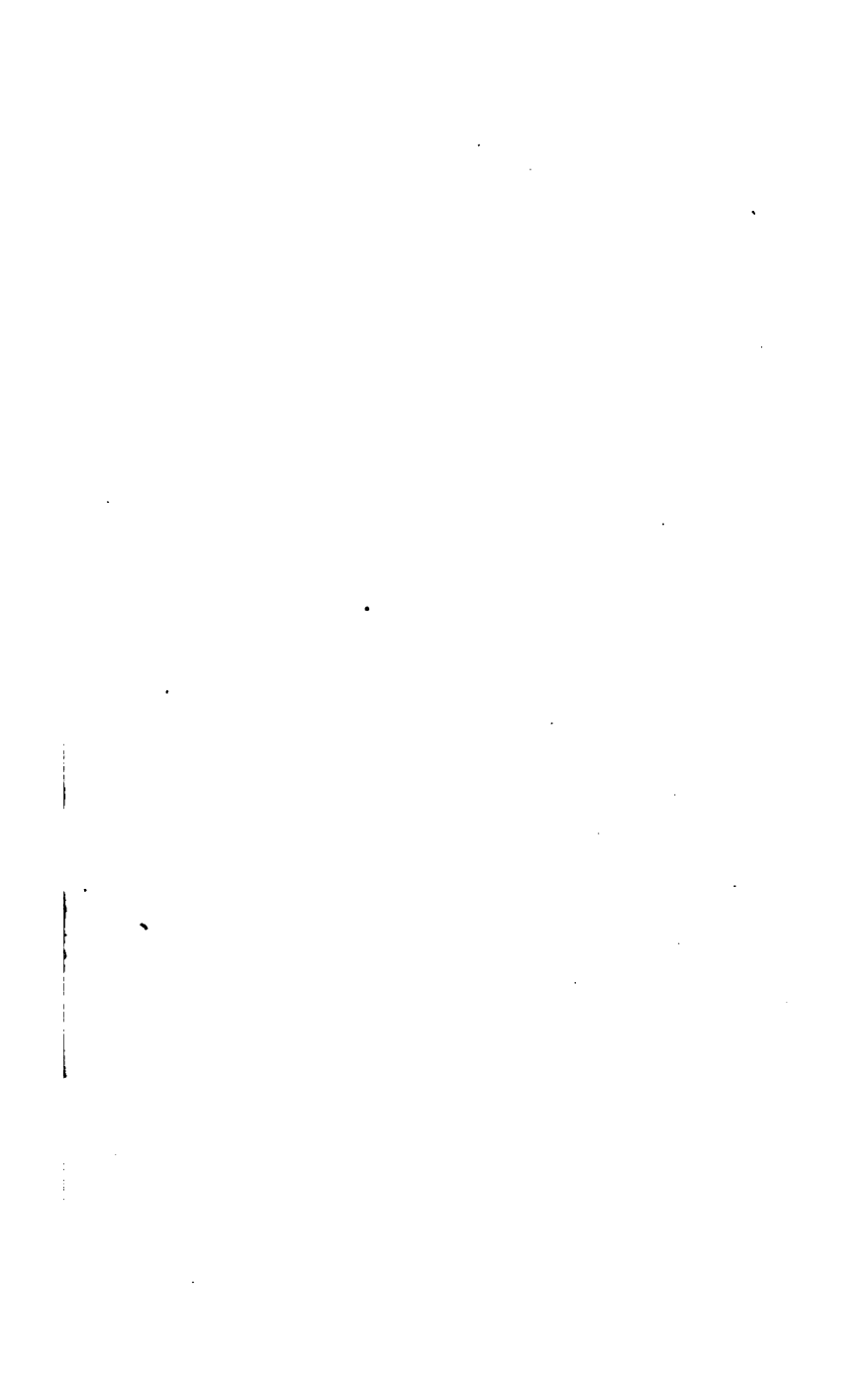
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